

PART
357

THE

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LEISURE HOUR

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

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ALMANACK FOR

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

1 T	D 1 Quar. 2.2 P.M.	9 F	⊗ rises 5.27 A.M.	17 S	⊗ rises 5.40 A.M.	24 S	Jewish Y. 5642 beg.
2 F	⊗ rises 5.16 A.M.	10 S	Mars rises 10.0 P.M.	18 S	14 SUN. AFT. TRIN.	25 S	15 SUN. AFT. TRIN.
3 S	Venus a morn. star	11 S	13 SUN. AFT. TRIN.	19 M	⊗ grst. dis. from ⊕	26 M	⊗ rises 5.35 A.M.
4 S	12 SUN. AFT. TRIN.	12 M	Jupiter near D	20 T	[Venus near D] Jupiter rises 8 P.M.	27 T	Clock af. 5 gm. 72.
5 M	Clock af. ⊕ im. 30°	13 T	Daybreak 3.33 A.M.	21 W	Twilight, e. 8.14 P.M.	28 W	⊗ sets 6 P.M.
6 M	Neast dist. from ⊕	14 W	Twilight, e. 8.14 P.M.	22 T	Autumn Quar. beg.	29 T	⊗ sets 5.43 P.M.
7 W	⊗ sets 6.32 P.M.	15 T	D 3 Quar. 8.1 A.M.	23 F	New D 11.54 A.M.	30 F	Michælmas Day
8 T	Full D 4.39 A.M.	16 F	⊗ sets 6.11 P.M.				D 1 Quar. 9.48 P.M.

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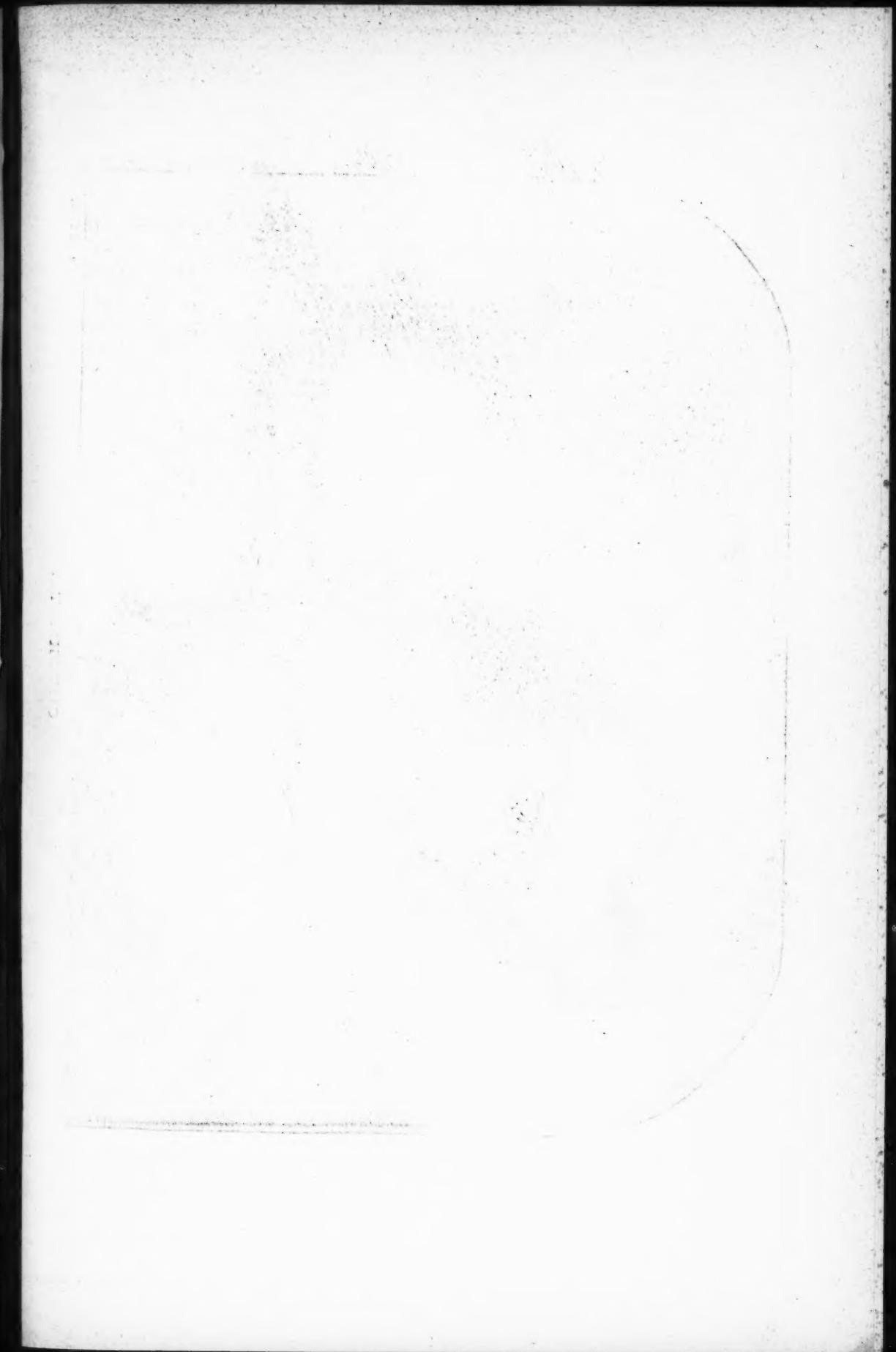
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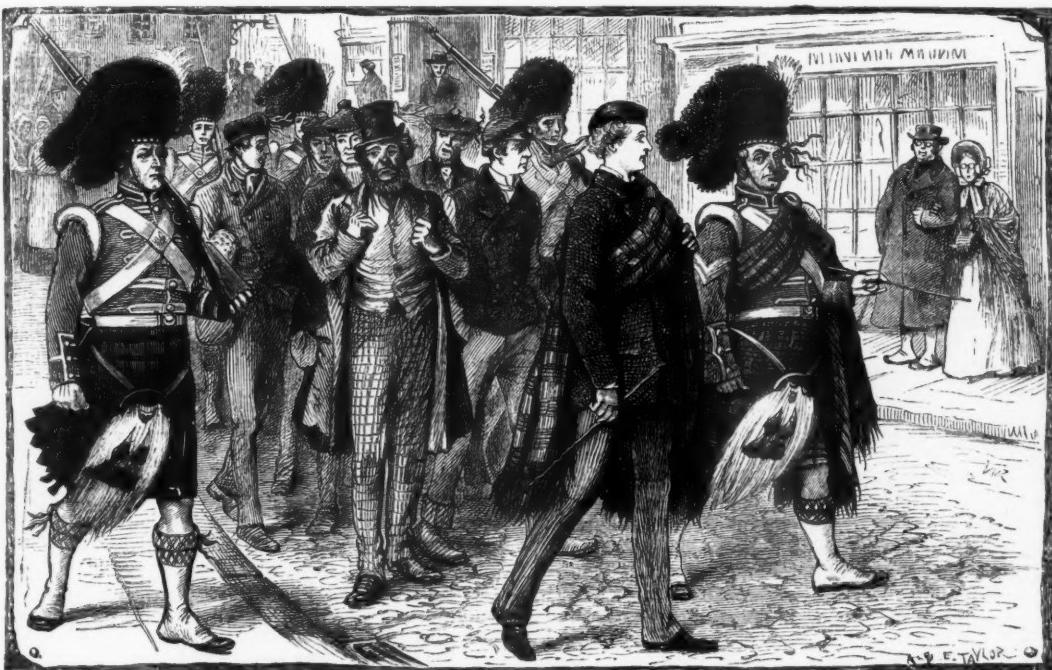
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"WILL HE NO' COME BACK AGAIN?"

BY JESSIE EDMONSTON SAXBY.



THE RECRUIT.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Ye know not half the power with which the dark temptation came in an unguarded hour."

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

A DARK deadly hour swept over Danford Munro, and then loud knocking proclaimed the arrival of a patient, or worse, the *call to one*, which was unfortunately the case. Old Martha looked dismayed when she entered the room and found how he had been employed. But doctors addicted to drink are not so rare in country districts or small towns, and the messenger who followed Danford's attendant into the room had no objection to taking him to the patient, provided he was "no' that far gaen" that he could not walk or comprehend what was wanted of him. He could do both readily enough, and only the husky voice, flushed cheek, and staring eyes revealed how he had fallen.

In a few minutes the doctor was on his way to the east end of the village, and he prescribed so

successfully for the patient that before he left for home the sick man was on the fair road to recovery from his sudden indisposition. "Ye'll take a dram before ye gang out in the raw air, doctor?" and Danford, reckless, despairing, weak, confused, took the "dram," which finished the evil job his own decanter began.

Walking unsteadily homewards, with his thoughts in utter confusion, he yet remembered something of what had passed when he drew near to Inveresk Cottage, and pausing opposite Mona's window he leaned upon the low wall and tried hard to collect his scattered wits.

After a moment the impulse seized him to enter the garden, which was speedily done. Then, as he staggered forward, his foot stumbled over a stone, and he fell beside Mona's thorn-tree.

The noise and a groan which escaped him at the moment was heard in more than one chamber from which sleep had vanished. Almost simultaneously Kate and Mona looked from their windows and saw the prostrate man, and the former instantly thought of Sholto. She was always expecting him to come, and every time she dreamed of his return it was in some different guise from what her last fancy had been.

"*Suppose* it should be Sholto!" thought Kate, and going to Mona's door she said, softly, "Are you awake, dear? Oh, Mona, there is some one in the garden!"

Mona had opened her door at once, and they both stole downstairs and went out. A few steps brought them to the thorn-bush; one glance told them who it was.

"Oh, Danford! what is the matter?" Mona cried, bending over him with little of the collected coldness which he had accused her of possessing.

He strove to raise himself and speak coherently, for he had just enough sense left to be a little conscious of his degradation; but before he could utter a sound Kate spoke.

"What a pity! I never suspected *that* was one of the doctor's failings. Hadn't we better goindoors again, Mona?"

"You can go," said Mona.

And then Danford spoke. "Very sorry; I couldn't exactly help it. I don't know what's wrong—everything seems wrong. The moon up there isn't moving as she ought; and you are like the moon, Mona, gliding on coldly—so coldly—but, somehow, not going straight. You are moving from me. The clouds are between us. Oh, don't go! Hold me fast, or I shall fall! I fell just now, in some unaccountable way, over a stone, and I think I broke Sholto's thorn-tree. Don't you remember, my girl? Cover transgressions with love! What is wrong? I seem to be going down, down into the earth," and, falling with his face to the ground, Danford lay silent and motionless.

Kate had moved away, feeling that the young man's unguarded words were only meant for Mona, so that no eye but that of Heaven was looking on when the girl wound her gentle, yet strong arms around her lover, raising his head to her bosom.

"Oh, Danford! Yes, I do cover your transgressions with love. I never loved you more when you were all my proudest thoughts imagined man could be than I do at this moment!"

He did not hear her wild words, or if he heard he could not comprehend, and merely muttered in broken syllables, "I am very sorry; did not mean it; can't tell what has happened; seems all up with me."

Just then some steps were heard approaching, and Mona, rising quickly, saw two young men passing down the street. One she recognised as Tom Gray, Sholto's playmate and friend, and one whose assistance in her dilemma would be invaluable.

Running to the gate, she stopped them by saying, "Will you come into the garden, Gray? I fear Dr. Munro is not quite himself; will you try and help him home?"

Her pale face and quivering accents would have melted any heart.

"Don't take it too much to heart, Miss Winton," said the good-natured fisherman; "it's no' a big fault, yon; and the doctor has enough gude in him to excuse a bit bad."

"If men judge drunkenness as you do, Gray," she answered, sternly, "no wonder that the world is full of broken-hearted women." Then, more softly, "Don't learn to treat such a sin lightly lest it lead you far astray; try rather to judge it as I do to-night."

Her agony, all too plainly written on her face, was the best warning those young men ever had against the sin of drinking, and both made a resolution then that no girl they loved should ever stand by them as Mona stood by Danford while they dragged him to his feet, and supporting him on each side led him to his home.

Could any concatenation of events have been more unhappy? Certainly none could have had more disastrous effects.

Dr. Munro's recollections of the previous evening were not very clear when he woke up late. He remembered going out and seeing Mona somewhere, but all the details were blotted from his mind. Even had they been remembered he would scarcely have given them much notice, he was so overwhelmed with shame and despair at his own folly. Mona, Sholto, everything fell into the background, and only the grim spectre which had vanquished him remained, gibing him, tempting him to curse God and die at the very moment when his self-abasement was deepest. For two days he never stirred out of his house, and fortunately he was not required, so that Martha's excuses satisfied any accidental callers.

Meanwhile, Kate waited, impatient, anxious, and Mona waited, sad, praying. At the end of that time a note came from Mrs. Winton, gently upbraiding him for his absence, hinting that she was sure all would be right if he came, and adding that his patients had missed his daily visit more than one at least of them had power to say.

"The poor helpless old man! the little comfort left him must not be withdrawn." So Danford went to the cottage and was welcomed as warmly as ever by all its inmates. Indeed, he almost believed that his senses had played him altogether false, and that Mona was quite ignorant of his backsiding, for she was quite friendly in her greeting—more so than she had been for some weeks.

"If I had not been dismissed before I would confess it all to her. It would be a relief to do so, but I have no excuse now for obtruding any delinquencies upon her notice."

Mrs. Overton, however, did not let the matter drop out of sight, for as soon as an opportunity occurred she said to him, "I suppose you have not done anything about the search yet? and I am racked with suspense. How very naughty of you, doctor, to go and misbehave as you did that same evening, and so prevent yourself from following up our discovery at once. Too bad!"

"So, then, they do all know it," thought Danford.

And Kate continued, "It was really very wicked, especially when Mona feels so strongly upon such subjects, to come and show yourself here. Of course, I know very well that you are fond of her, and I have been trying in my small way to help your cause, but I am afraid you have settled that for yourself."

"I have," he said.

"Well, but, Dr. Munro, you really must set about your investigation of the Castle at once—or I will, and then, of course, there will be explosions all round, and no end of mischief done."

"Forgive me for having delayed, but the truth is I have been so miserable these two days I have not cared what happened to me." (There was a certain comfort Danford felt in talking to some one who was not all perfect, and might have a fellow sinner's sympathy with him.) "It seems dreadfully forgetful of me, but I hold poor Sholto's interests as near my heart as ever, only—I—think I have been a little out of my mind with pain and shame these few days."

"Is not that how people always feel after being tipsy, you naughty, wicked man? It will teach you to refrain from the like again, I hope; and perhaps there is not much harm done. Everybody is always doing something that they shouldn't do. Heigh-ho!"

Her sympathy, such as it was, did not help Danford much; and he went away maligning womankind in his inmost heart because one woman was *too* good and another *too* foolish.

With Thomson, Gray, and other friends of Sholto's the doctor went after nightfall to the tower, and a strict search was made, but no further light thrown upon the lad's disappearance.

That he had not met a violent death, however, was argued from the fact of his cap and coat, by which he might have been identified, being found where they were; and some scraps of the food with which his father had provided him, along with an empty tin, towels, torn scarf, piled straw, and (most important of any) some fragments of newspaper bearing the date of some days later than the one upon which he had disappeared, seemed to indicate that Sholto had been in Preston Tower for some time, and had not been neglectful of his own wants. Both murder and suicide seemed groundless fancies beside the evidence of Sholto's existence sometime after the smuggling affair; backed, too, by the reasonable supposition that the man who had been *scouting* in Perthshire, who had acted in such a strange way, and had died unknown, was the captain's servant who had sought Sholto's life.

That he had gone away disguised (or at least in other clothes than those he had last been seen to wear), and that *some* person or persons had assisted him to do so, was evident.

But why did he hide now? and who had connived at his doing so? Dr. Munro hazarded many conjectures, but all were wide of the truth; and after a thorough search had been made, without the smallest further result, he was obliged to admit that nothing of any great importance had transpired beyond pointing out the place where

Sholto had concealed himself, and the fact of his having planned a disguise and effected his escape.

The relics which had been found were carefully removed to Munro's house, and he was obliged to tell Kate that nothing further had come to his knowledge. "Except," she said, with flashing eyes, "that he is *not* dead, but has gone away to retrieve himself as a hero should, and will come back some day to look down upon all of us small sinners."

"I mean to tell his mother and sister of what you found. Instruct me how far you wish your interests in my poor friend to be divulged."

"Mrs. Winton knows, doctor; I could not help telling her that night when I was so agitated about the hymns, and you didn't deluge me with cold water, as I remember you once told me was the homoeopathic cure you always prescribe for women's tears." Volatile Kate laughed merrily, and Dr. Munro thanked his stars that such an inconsistent, shallow-minded creature did not belong to him.

With a shade of impatience in his voice he replied, "Then I suppose Miss Winton may be told also?"

"Oh dear, no! not for worlds! You don't know how girls put each other on the rack about such things; and Mona of all people! so proper! so good! She would not speak a word to me ever again if she knew that I was the Kate who caused Sholto such misery. And then if she knew that I—that I care just a *little* for him still! How dreadful that would be! Perhaps she would consider it her duty to tell my colonel. And then if Sholto returns—as I am *certain* he will—just only think what I would feel like, doctor?"

"If Sholto returns *you* will certainly have to disappear. However, that is none of my business. All I have to do is to give the laddie's tattered clothes—precious relics—to his mother, and tell her I found them in Preston Tower. She can know all Thomson, I, and others have done without a syllable being said about you. She knows that the fishermen have never given up the search, and it can easily be left unsaid *who* came first upon those tokens."

Accordingly Danford told Mrs. Winton and Mona, who took for granted that the garments had been found by some of Sholto's associates while prosecuting their search for him.

We can imagine how the fond mother gazed upon poor Sholto's old grey jacket, and how his Highland cap, with the tarnished silver brooch, was fondled as if it had been the bright hair which it had crowned in the happy days of lang syne. Mona's thoughts, so painfully engrossed with her own heart-sorrow, were led back to her young brother and his mysterious absence. The incident had recalled all those sad memories which time had somewhat softened, and she lived over again the period when her idols lay broken at her feet, and when she learned that neither brother nor lover—no! nor any human being—is ever so perfect as women's hearts declare them to be.

And did Mona Winton also learn that love diminishes when its object is found to be less worthy of admiration? We are told by poets and

philosophers that such is the case. They say that love cannot live without the sustaining power of respect for the being loved. Ah! the woman's heart seeking consolation for its wounded affections knows that there is no truth in such a creed, but that the lower her idol falls the more closely does she cling to it. And well for man that it is so!

Once more Sholto's name became the chief word in his father's house, for now there was even a certain pleasure in dwelling upon the subject since they could reasonably hope that he was "yet alive;" and since public opinion, as well as their own convictions, had done the lad justice, his faults had not seemed so grave, even in Mona's sight, as they had done at first. How she longed—how all longed—for the veil to be lifted and all to be explained, forgiven, forgotten. The time for his friends to know had not come, however, but ours has, therefore I will now explain to you how Sholto got away from his hiding-place, and what followed.

Shortly after he left his father almost overwhelmed by sorrow, he became aware of a spy following him. Sholto's first thought was how to evade the man, but as he hurried up the lane (feeling that the captain's servant was coming up behind, and might put a bullet through his head at any moment), the lad's hot young spirit began to rise with wrathful indignation. Slackening speed, as if he were quite off his guard, he shifted the plaid on his shoulders, laid down the bundle he carried, and feigned to be merely arranging things for his better comfort, when, in fact, he was watching keenly the movements of the enemy.

Never suspecting that Sholto had observed him, the man advanced nearer, and when his intended victim thought the distance between them suitable for his purpose, he made a sudden bound forward and knocked the fellow to the earth. Sholto's fists had not had much practice in that sort of work, but self-defence teaches the most inexperienced, and Captain Brown's servant took some time to recover from the stunning effects of that blow. When he came to himself, Sholto had disappeared—was by that time safely ensconced once more in Preston Tower. The light-hearted boy laughed to himself over his triumphant defeat of the foe, and then, tired out, he lay down upon the straw he had collected, and fell fast asleep. The day was far spent before he awoke, refreshed and strengthened by the much-needed rest, and after partaking of some of the food which Mr. Winton had insisted upon his carrying away with him, Sholto proceeded to make such improvements in his toilet as were necessary if he did not wish to be mistaken for an escaped lunatic.

He had provided himself with a can of water, and with its aid, and that of the articles which his father had so thoughtfully provided, he was speedily restored to much of his former attractive appearance. A fresh coat and respectable hat make a wonderful difference in any man; not only in his appearance, but in his estimate of himself, and though Sholto had no looking-glass in which to view his bonnie face, he nevertheless felt

less like a felon after he had washed and dressed. His high spirits had returned with wonderful rapidity, and he was quite eager to start upon his new career. In truth, he had not realised his own position. But time for reflection was not wanting. While waiting impatiently for the shadows of evening, and when the darkness fell, and yet Mr. Winton did not appear, every moment seemed like an age.

"What can have prevented father from coming?" he asked himself perpetually, but no satisfactory reason suggested itself until it occurred to him that Captain Brown's servant had in all probability raised a hue-and-cry, and Mr. Winton deemed it imprudent to venture near his son's hiding-place. Sholto was greatly disappointed, for he had hoped to see his father once more. "I suppose," he said, when the evening was far advanced, and it seemed useless to wait any longer, "I must just follow his directions; yet I would so much have liked to speak to him again, even for half a minute. I would like to ask him if he would have any objections to the plan that has come into my head since seeing Brown's soldier-flunkey. But what can't be cured must be endured. I dare say father wishes me to think and act for myself like a man of my years should do, and he will perhaps be as much pleased to hear of my success in a sphere of my own choosing as if I had followed his directions to the very letter, and continued dependent on his purse like a child. However, I won't make up my mind just yet. I will go to Perthshire and hear what Uncle MacAlastair has got to say about it."

Thus soliloquising, Sholto muffled himself in Mona's plaid, and left the tower under cover of the darkness. Striking across the fields he walked many miles until he reached a station where he knew an early train going north stopped; and a short time afterwards he was being whirled over the lines to Stirling.

The only passengers in the carriage besides himself were some raw recruits and a sergeant, who had been out on the search for likely young fellows, and who had managed to secure half-a-dozen. The party were laughing and chatting over the events of the previous evening, which, from what Sholto could gather by their conversation, had been spent at the public-house. The fictitious gaiety borrowed from barley-bree was still buoying them up; also the sergeant was exerting himself to amuse them with glowing pictures of the service into which they had enlisted; and Sholto could not resist listening with much interest to what was passing.

He had actually been proposing to himself a scheme by which he hoped to enter the army as an officer, and in that way find himself upon the same social platform with his rival. He knew money would be needed to buy a commission—there was that difficulty, if no other—and that was the rock ahead over which his thoughts had been breaking themselves like restless waves. But now it occurred to him that he would risk everything and take the chance of advancement, for he had overheard the sergeant protesting that many a young fellow with not a penny in his

pockets but the Queen's shilling, had before long got promotion.

Sholto's grey eyes turned quickly on the speaker. "Is it so?" he asked; "I thought privates in the English army could not rise to the rank of commissioned officers."

"Indeed, can they! all the readier if they be gentle-born" (the sharp-witted soldier had guessed that Sholto was no hind). "Why, let me tell you, we had a young nobleman among us not long ago. He had had some tiff with the folks at home, and came to me and said he wanted to 'list. And 'list he did, and was one of the rank and file for a time. But his manners and what not soon brought him afore the colonel's notice and—to make a long story short—he went up step by step till at last he distinguished himself in battle, and had a regiment of his own to command before long."

Sholto drew back into his corner and was very quiet for some time, and the talkative sergeant did not address him again, but kept the conversation going on the same subject, and the lad listened. When the train had almost reached Stirling, Sholto turned to his companion, "I should like to join you," he said.

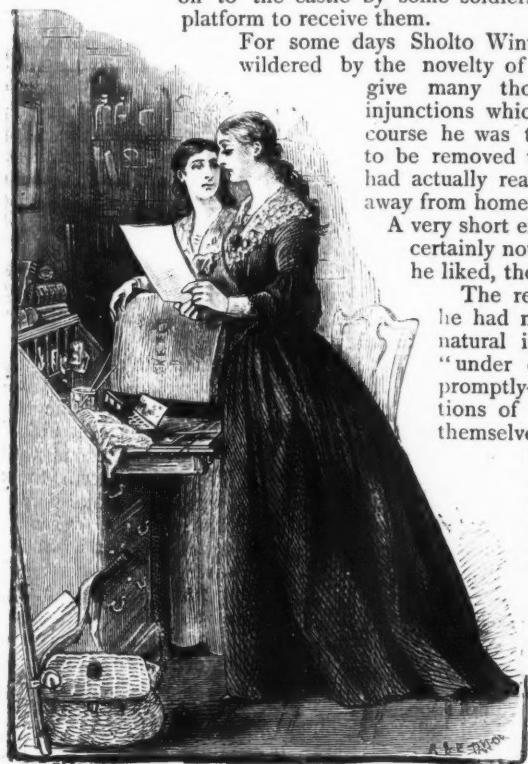
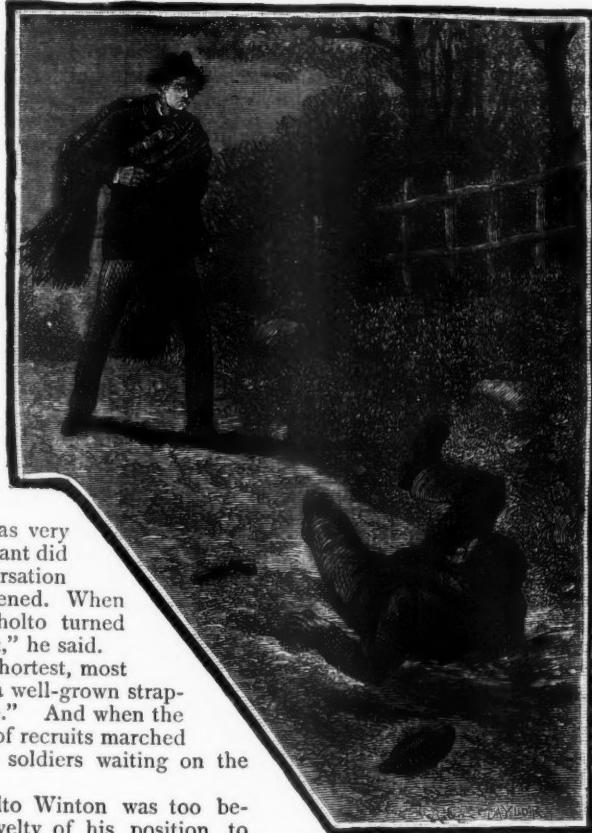
"All right! couldn't do better. The shortest, most pleasant road to prosperity and fame that a well-grown strapping young man like yourself could choose." And when the train stopped, Sholto was one of the party of recruits marched off to the castle by some soldiers waiting on the platform to receive them.

For some days Sholto Winton was too bewildered by the novelty of his position to give many thoughts to those injunctions which he had received from his father regarding the course he was to pursue. Then an order came for the recruits to be removed to a distant part of the kingdom, and before he had actually realised what he had done, Sholto found himself far away from home and friends.

A very short experience of soldiering had shown him that he had certainly not raised himself in the social scale, but it was a life he liked, though by no means an idle one.

The restrictions of the army were not irksome to him, for he had no wish to follow an aimless, frivolous life; and his natural inclinations leading him generally to prefer being "under orders," rendered him the more ready to obey promptly—that invaluable quality in a soldier. If recollections of his father's parting instructions had not obtruded themselves continually with an implied reproach at their being unfulfilled, Sholto would have been comparatively happy, but he knew he had taken a step which did not have parental approbation, seeing that Mr. Winton's prejudice against soldiering was quite as strong as that which he cherished against whisky and the Roman Catholic faith.

Sholto tried to soothe his conscience by resolving to rise in the profession of his choice, so that his father should have reason to be proud of him yet, and he succeeded to a great extent in satisfying himself that he had done no further sin—he had only trespassed against John Winton's old-fashioned prejudices. But there were moments when a vision of the rough, upright, kind old



man rose very reproachfully before the son's mind, and he would willingly have given ten years from his life to hear the familiar voice of his childhood's guide utter forgiveness once more. He did not venture to write to Mr. Winton, or communicate with home. So far he kept his promise, although (as things had turned out) he would have done better to have broken that prohibition with the rest.

But life's stern teaching had done Sholto some benefit, and his conduct was marked by extreme rectitude; so much so that he speedily rose from the ranks to the position of a non-commissioned officer, and he was frequently called to receive tokens of the approbation of his superiors.

The sergeant had somewhat exaggerated in saying that cases of rapid advancement were common in the army. They are, as a point of fact, extremely rare; but certainly it seemed that his words were to be verified in Sholto's case, for he won his way into the good graces of every person with whom he came in contact. Perhaps his smiling grey eyes, manly bearing, and fascinating manners were partly accountable, for (notwithstanding much that is written and said against the theory) I hold that no influence is stronger than that of personal beauty. And it is a matter of regret that young people are not taught to look upon that gift as a power given them by God to use, like all His gifts, aright.

Time passes more rapidly when life-duty is performed in a sort of clock-work routine. Each day is like its predecessor, and even sorrowful thoughts do not prevent the hours from flying past on busy wings.

Sholto was taken by surprise to find that a year had fled since he enlisted, and during all that time he had contrived to exist without the least intelligence from any one at home. But the most curious thing was that he had not been uneasy over the long silence, and as remarkable was it that he never chanced to read any of the notices regarding himself which many newspapers contained.

It had not occurred to him that his father must long since have found out that he never presented himself before Uncle MacAlastair—that he had never gone to Melbourne, and that the household at Inveresk Cottage might feel anxious. The fact was, he judged them by himself, forgetting that in their quiet monotonous life there was plenty of room for all manner of speculations which he had no time to indulge in. "They will have got over it by this time. Perhaps they have had a wedding to distract their thoughts from the runaway, and I shall come back to find Mona's boys in my place. I shall take them by surprise some day, however, and won't father just be pleased when he finds that I have got on without any help but that of Heaven—and the home-prayers."

Then the call to war came, and Sholto threw his whole soul with ardour into such a glorious opportunity for winning the laurels he had dreamed so often of striving for. When volunteers were called from every corps Sholto was one of the first to step out in reply; and no one of all the men

ordered out to India at that time rejoiced as he did when he found himself on the field of action.

There we will leave him for the present identified (as no doubt you have discovered ere now) as Lieutenant MacAlastair, the favourite of Kate Mowbray's husband whose life he had saved!

CHAPTER XXII.

"And, groping through the darkness, touch God's hand."
—*Gerald Massey.*

OUTWARDLY there was no difference in the position of persons and circumstances at Inveresk Cottage, except that Danford Munro's daily call terminated in the parlour instead of upstairs as formerly.

Kate continued as enamoured of her quiet life as ever, and made the time pass agreeably for the others by devising various little treats for them. Her carriage took Mrs. Winton for a pleasant drive every morning. Her birdlike voice discoursed sweet sounds for poor John's amusement. Her maid concocted delicacies that would tempt the most sickly palate, trimmed caps for Mrs. Winton, and cut out dresses for Mona. Books out of number, new and old, came from a library in Edinburgh. Luxuries previously unknown to Prestonpans found their way into the cottage; and in every conceivable way Mrs. Overton contrived to constitute herself their good fairy. For a little while Mona's outraged feelings refused to forgive Kate for being very much the cause of an estrangement from Danford; but it was not long before she was heartily ashamed of having felt the least twinge of such a despicable passion as jealousy. Her better nature caused her to relent towards Kate, and they became good friends again. Not that Mona was ever so demonstrative towards Kate as that young woman desired; but to be friends was much, her guilty conscience said. If their positions had been reversed I fear Mrs. Overton would not have been so magnanimous; but Mona had an almost masculine freedom from the little-mindedness of her sex in matters relating to lovers, and she scorned to punish her rival after feminine modes.

As for Kate, she had dropped all attempts at rousing Mona's jealousy since the evening of Dr. Munro's disgrace. Not because she believed the scheme to be a bad one, but because the practical little lady thought that after all he was not perhaps a "good match" for Miss Winton. She was not severe upon his failing from a moral point of view, but she was from a worldly one. "I will find her a much richer and better husband by-and-by. Perhaps that Lieutenant MacAlastair would do if the colonel would bring him home with him, as he talks of doing. No doubt he is a relative of Mona's after Scotch fashion; and if he is as handsome as the MacAlastairs I know they will make a grand couple. I will dress the bride myself, and she shall have a set of the finest jewels I can lay hands upon. The colonel shall give her away, and Mrs. Winton shall wear the dearest grey silk

and a white lace shawl. I will drive Mr. Winton to church myself—for he *will* be well enough then for that—and Sholto will be home, and will be groomsman. I shall have to find a bridesmaid somewhere. Oh, I dare say the minister's sister will do for that. She is ugly enough for anything. Yes! that will do very nicely. So we don't want the doctor in the play at all. Good-bye, doctor! I am a little sorry for you; but then you know it was all your own fault, and you are not half rich or jolly enough for Mona. Though what Sholto will think if he finds his friend Dan out of the reckoning I am sure I can't say." So she went on building her castles in the air, wondering when "the chieftain" would show himself, and what would happen if he did; singing her hymns, and slowly—oh! very slowly—finding something of their spirit rooting itself in her soul, to spring up some distant day; painting Sholto's picture in secret, and striving with all her *feeble might* to atone to his parents for the suffering she had unwittingly caused them.

Mona's inner life was a less happy one, for she had not Kate's happy power of looking at everything through a sunny medium. Moreover, her feelings, though less easily touched, were more keen, more lasting. Well was it for Mona that she had a refuge "whereunto she might flee and find rest" in her hour of affliction; for only women of her true, strong nature can know how she suffered, perhaps more on Danford's account than her own. If he had died loving her and stainless she could have carried that cross with patient triumph. If he had found some one better, nobler than herself (and Mona thought there were many such), and had married happily to a worthy mate, she could have rejoiced in his happiness, and thanked God for him. It was because her love was so unmixed with selfish wishes—because she knew that he was tenfold more to be pitied than she—that she felt his degradation and their estrangement so bitterly.

And yet, if she had but known it, his sin and her desertion (so he termed it) were Danford Munro's salvation, for they brought him where nothing else could have done; they brought him, humbled, weak, desolate, owning himself such, to the feet of Christ.

Trusting in his own strength, and the pride of mere intellectual wisdom, he had vaunted himself able to walk alone and had fallen! Idolising the woman he loved as a pattern of all that is perfect and pure, he had found her turn from him when most he needed her, change as he thought from love to indifference, forget her promises, leave him to fight alone! All this made itself plain to Danford, and the Tempter stood beside him to lead him, despairing, yet further wrong.

But a Hand more gentle than Mona's, more strong than that of the devil of strong drink, stretched through the darkness and drew his sinking soul into the shelter of Divine aid; and in the moment when he owned himself weakest Danford was armed to resist all evil as he had never been armed before.

It took some time and much experience to prove to him that he had at last found the true way to

fight his foe. There was great doubting of self, much humbling of spirit, many wrestlings, tears, and prayers; but the Saviour was patient and helpful; and gradually Danford realised the blessed truth that his feet were on the Rock of Ages, and that while he rested there there could be no falling.

"He is getting over his disappointment," thought Mrs. Overton.

"Dan is learning to do without me," thought Mona. They had both noticed a change gradually creeping over the doctor. He came more seldom to the cottage, it is true, and often the younger ladies did not see more of him than a brief greeting allowed, but the depressed almost gloomy expression which he had worn since Mona's dismissal had vanished. His step had recovered its firm tread and he carried himself with a dignity which was not the pride of manhood as before, yet which sat even more gracefully upon him. Dr. Munro was changed, no doubt, but not as either Kate or Mona thought.

One evening when the two young ladies were out walking and he had been beguiled by pleasant talk with Mrs. Winton into lingering rather longer than he had allowed himself to do of late, that good lady skilfully brought the conversation round to the "forbidden" topic—namely, Mona's somewhat hastily-formed decision. Mrs. Winton believed her daughter to be in the right, but she was very fond of the doctor and sorry for him. She felt sure that he did not often forget himself; and, indeed, since the time of Sholto's errors, Mrs. Winton had been very gentle over the failings of youth, far more lenient than before. She had even been allowing herself to think that perhaps Danford Munro's weakness was not more deserving of censure than that of many men who indulge in morose or hasty tempers; who are covetous and worldly minded; who treat women as if they belonged to an inferior race; who are ungenerous and jealous, selfish, uncivil, rude-tongued. Mrs. Winton was very willing that her favourite should know how she had begun to look at his offence.

With delicate tact she told him that Mona had confided (what her mother believed to be) the chief cause of her sudden resolution to dismiss her lover, and then Mrs. Winton added, "But I am sure, doctor, she has too much sense and kind feeling to punish you for one error by a life-disappointment. It is never too late to mend, and in time she will relent again, for I am sure she loves you sincerely."

Danford looked up in much surprise at those words, and replied,

"I think you misunderstand a little. No lapse on my part has caused her to act as I told you she did." The good lady was exceedingly grieved to find him attempt to deny his fault under the belief that she knew nothing about it—for she had heard the particulars from Kate—and she said, gravely,

"No one can feel more for you, doctor, than I do, but I must do Mona justice, and I am convinced from what she said to me that she was well aware of an error in your conduct after the time

you talked to us all about your attachment, and were put on trial as it were."

"Yes, I have gone wrong since then, and Mona knows it. I do not seek to deny it, but *that* was not the reason that led her to act as she did, for it did not happen until *after* she had made her decision."

"Indeed! I am extremely surprised to hear you say so, for I quite understood that your last—misfortune occurred previously."

"Ah, no! Had such been the case I would not have dared to open my lips as I did to you and her. I would have felt as I do now, that I was utterly unworthy to presume upon her forbearance."

"What could it have been otherwise then? She must have had a reason of some sort for treating you so."

"I believe her reason to have been a change of feeling."

"Oh, no! Mona is not a girl that changes in that way. She has never been so confidential with me as you would suppose an only daughter to be with her mother, so that sometimes I wonder if I quite understand her. But upon *this* point I know I am right. Mona loves you still."

"I wish I believed that," Danford exclaimed.

"You may believe it. Now I wonder—surely. No, it could not be; and yet there *must* be some reason. Surely Mona was too sensible to take affront at the nonsense Kate and you used to talk together. I hope *that* was not the cause."

Dr. Munro had started when the suggestion of jealousy was made, but almost immediately his reverence for Mona's character refused to allow him to admit such a supposition.

"She would never stoop to such a girlish absurdity as that; besides, she knew and trusted me. She knew I never cared for any one but herself, and never will."

"Then *your* attachment remains unchanged?"

"Certainly! Have I ever given you reason to doubt that?"

"No! no! doctor. So don't quarrel with me too, please. And don't lose heart about your suit. You have my sympathy; and any influence that I have with Mona shall be exercised in your behalf—not that I ever have influenced her actions much! She is a good, dutiful child, but she was always more firm than I am. Her father used to manage her better than ever I could. Yes! Mona has a will of her own."

And Mona proved very decidedly that she had a will of her own after that, when her mother attempted to plead the doctor's cause once more, so Mrs. Winton had to content herself with Kate's sympathy, and let the matter rest or put itself straight. They were very confidential always—Sholto's mother and Kate—far more so with each other than Mona ever had been with either. Therefore their conversation about that young woman's love story was quite unreserved.

"I cannot at all understand it," said Mrs. Winton; "to send him off so suddenly and desidiously, for no reason that any one can see, was very unlike Mona."

"But there *was* a reason, mother dear; he

really made a great fool of himself, as you know."

"Of course, of course! But the doctor did not misbehave himself in that exceedingly unpleasant way until *after* Mona had turned him off, which, of course, makes all the difference. In fact, I should not wonder if her treatment had been the cause of his lapse. You see, Kate, that alters the case; at least our judgment of it."

"It does, indeed;" and Kate hung her head and looked guilty. So much so that Mrs. Winton's vague fancy took shape, and laying her hand gently on the culprit's, she said:

"I would not accuse you of anything wrong, my dear, for the world, and I know your heart and duty are fixed elsewhere. But you are too—too fond of drawing exclusive admiration, too careless of your words. I hope, Kate, my child, that your little coquetteries did not interfere to spoil our poor Mona's happiness?"

"Oh, I am so sorry, so more than sorry. It seems as if everything I try to do right is sure to be wrong. But, indeed, I did not mean harm, but rather the reverse, and it is only my unfortunate luck which has marred the most delicious little plan I had for making them happy;" and then she confessed her scheme, and she told all she had done so prettily, that Mrs. Winton could not repress a smile, and scarcely uttered a word of rebuke.

"I suppose the only way I can put right what my meddling put wrong will be to tell Mona that I am Sholto's wicked, wicked Kate—and what a wretch she will think me! I should not wonder if she insisted upon my packing myself off at once, and *that* would be the death of me, I have become so fond of you all. Oh! I don't believe I can tell her. Do, do think of some other way of helping me out of this dreadful scrape. I am really quite sure that I never could bear to meet Mona's indignation."

"There is one other way it might be managed if you will let me try that."

"Of course I will. I could do anything rather than own myself to be the creature for whom Mona can never find words hard enough."

"If you will let me tell Dr. Munro what you planned, that might put it straight. You are not so afraid of him, I think?"

Kate winced. She did not like to expose her weak points to the satire of mankind, and vanity was one of them. "He will say that I must have a pretty good opinion of myself if I believed that I could draw *him* into a little flirtation. But I suppose *that* will be the only way of doing, mother dear, so you have my leave to tell the doctor everything about it. He considers I am rather silly at present, so he may as well think I am vain too. And since *he* can never by the very smallest possibility be one of the people who could *anyhow* rank among my—my admirers, it does not so much matter."

Mrs. Winton shook her head reprovingly, but Kate resumed, taking up entirely new ground with her usual fitfulness.

"Now are you quite sure that their love-making is not better broken off? Make *sure* on that point,

madam, before you take a step you may rue as much as I do that one of mine. The doctor is very charming and clever, and not likely to go off after any one else at any period of his life, but if he is not steady is he likely to make Mona very comfortable? To be sure he does not go often wrong at present, but people never do stop at occasional lapses, and in a few years he would be one of those poor wretches one hears of who have no money and ill-use their wives."

"How sensibly you can talk when you like, my dear! I wish you would always do so. I certainly agree with you that it would never do for Mona to marry a man who was addicted to bad habits: but I do not think Dr. Munro is such an one. I understand that he fell into that habit during his college days, and he has sorely repented of it since. During all the six years he has lived in this town, he has not been known to indulge his weakness more than twice or thrice, so there can be no doubt that he is overcoming it. I cannot help thinking that it was partly Mona's fault that he went wrong on that last occasion, and I hope if she becomes his wife that there will be no repetition of it."

"Risky, mother dear; however, I expect they will take their own way without you or me."

"Yes, that they will, only I must try and put right what you put wrong, my dear, and then leave the rest to themselves and Providence."

Shortly after that, Mrs. Winton took an opportunity of letting Danford know how Kate had acted, which of course annoyed him excessively, especially as he did not see how things were to be mended just then.

"Meddlesome little monkey! what business had she with my affairs? I don't believe it was from any good motive, but just from that delight she has in poking her mischievous fingers in every pie, which seems part and parcel of her nature. I hope some day she will get them well singed for her pains! I am desperately tempted, in spite of you or her prohibition, to go and tell Mona straight off that Mrs. Overton is Kate Mowbray; she deserves it."

"Be patient, doctor, and do forgive her, for she means well, I assure you. It will all come right in good time."

"In God's time. Yes, I believe that, and I *will* be patient," he answered, more gently, subdued by some sudden impulse which checked his anger at once.

"I wish," Mrs. Winton continued, "that Kate were not so afraid of telling Mona her secret. I cannot think how she has got such a notion about our girl being so very unrelenting and precise in her ideas. I am sure Mona would be forgiving enough."

"She ought not to be. Mrs. Overton ought to be severely reprimanded by some one for her headlong nonsensical ways."

"Why don't you lecture her then, doctor?" Mrs. Winton asked, with a little laugh; but Danford protested that it was none of his business to reprove ladies; and Mrs. Winton said it was none of hers; but resuming the chief subject of conversation from which they had been led away,

she said, "I cannot exactly see how you are to proceed in your explanation to Mona; if she is not enlightened regarding Kate's identity, what can you say?"

"I can't very well go to her and say 'You were jealous of Mrs. Overton!' and after all we only have Mrs. Overton's word for it. Perhaps Mona is as unconscious of ever having entertained such a thought as I was not long ago. Jealous of that woman! *Mona* jealous of her!"

The snort with which Dr. Munro finished his speech was not flattering to Kate, and Mrs. Winton laughed again.

"You have too exalted an opinion of Mona, doctor. Lovers always do believe their charmers to be perfection, but my daughter is not above the weaknesses of her sex, though she does have less of them, I allow, than most girls."

"I wish I believed that she is like others—and yet, no! I would rather feel my wishes were altogether hopeless than believe that Mona could be as silly as that butterfly woman, Mrs. Overton."

"I did not know that you could be so spiteful, my dear doctor. I think Kate really ought to confess everything to Mona herself."

"Of course she ought; and then she should march off to her colonel, and be more careful in future how she meddles with other people's affairs. Stupid, blundering pussy-cat she is, notwithstanding all her beauty and fascinations."

"Poor girl! she has been left too much to her own guidance. I cannot help admiring and yet pitying her, and whenever I feel as if I ought to blame her, there comes before me the recollection of Sholto."

Dr. Munro was not to be appeased by such reminiscences, and replied hotly, "And a nice business her love turned out for the poor laddie! If it had not been for her nonsensical style of going on, encouraging a fellow like that Brown, when she was engaged to Sholto, all the misery that happened never would have been. You must really forgive my plain speaking, Mrs. Winton, but I have very little patience to bestow upon such women."

"Yet we must take people as we find them. However, putting that aside, don't you think I might remonstrate again with Kate, and show her what harm has been done by her interference? Perhaps she would agree to tell Mona her delinquencies then."

"Thank you for your most kind and generous intentions, dear Mrs. Winton, and please do not suppose I slight them because I cannot accept their assistance. But" (with his old proud look and straightening of himself) "I won't believe that Mona is capable of blighting my life for me because I sometimes talk nonsense to a silly woman. No! there has been nothing in my conduct to warrant her in taking such a step as she did from *that* ground, nor will I believe Mona capable of such feminine weakness."

"Then you would rather I said nothing more on the subject to either of them; you wish it dropped?"

"That is my wish. I marred my own chance of returning to the place I occupied in her regard

by that boundless folly of mine, and I do not desire any word to be uttered in my defence. Besides—well, if there were the ghost of a hope of her forgiveness left she would wish me to seek it myself, and I would rather not be indebted to any one in this matter."

"Your opinions are always more sensible than mine, doctor."

Mona, in complete ignorance of all the plots and counterplots going on around her, continued to move along the path of her duties with a clear conscience and a somewhat lighter heart since she began to fancy by Dr. Munro's manner that he was learning to forget her. She could not much longer have borne to think of him longing for her love as much as she was longing for his. Now it seemed that some of her prayers were being answered, and that peace of mind, as far as she was concerned, had returned to him. Oh, if she had but known it, all her prayers on his behalf were being answered.

Meanwhile Kate found some diversion from her uneasy feelings by setting herself assiduously to the task of completing Sholto's likeness. She would not let any one see how her work progressed, but kept it carefully under lock and key. She had begged for and obtained possession of the wee room which opened off a turn in the stair, and which had belonged to Sholto. There he had stowed away all his boyish properties—fishing-tackle and old fowling-piece, bat and ball, mouse-traps, rabbit-hutches, birds' eggs, chemicals, all the wonderful miscellaneous articles which boys collect about them, to the distraction of orderly housewives. His mother had given him an old dish-rack and a bureau of ancient make filled with drawers and pigeon-holes, and in these Sholto had crammed his treasures, so that the desk was clear for Kate to use as an easel.

And at that desk—all hacked by Sholto's jack-knife—she spent many an hour alone, and it became known that no one must disturb the artist when so employed. But though she would not let any one watch the progress of her pleasant task, she asked Mona many questions, which the fond sister was only too glad to answer; and Kate would listen with ill-suppressed emotion while Mona described Sholto's dress, features, expression.

Perhaps a woman less single-minded than Mona, one more versed in the arts of the world, one who knew by experience that romance with all its

seemingly improbable incidents is more common to real life than to the pages of fiction, would have discovered Kate's secret, but not a suspicion of the truth ever crossed Mona Winton's mind. I cannot tell why Mrs. Overton ran the risk of detection by acting as she did—probably she did not know herself. Certainly no word-sketches, however graphic, could help her with the picture, for she did not possess the poetic talent requisite to give life and form to a creation of the lips alone.

Her painting was simply a copy of the likeness which hung around her neck, and it proved to bear a striking resemblance to the original.

When the work was finished, not before, she called Mona and, with childish delight and triumph, exhibited the picture.

Mona stood long and gazed silently on the beautiful young face—Sholto's face! All its beauty reproduced with remarkable precision: the tender grey eyes smiling with their old dream-look; the white forehead with its clusters of brown hair; the straight profile, so like the sister's own. No doubt Mrs. Overton was a genius, for she had caught the likeness in a marvellous way.

"May I carry it downstairs, now?" Mona asked, after a long time of silent pondering and gazing, and Kate willingly agreed.

Mrs. Winton was with her husband in the parlour, and had been told that the picture would be exhibited that day. Like Mona, she gazed long and in silence, and tears dimmed her sight.

Meanwhile Kate had gone to the bedside, and speaking to John, she said,

"The picture I told you that I was doing of your absent son is finished now. You remember, don't you?" John nodded and smiled.

"And you remember that I was to bring it to show you—you remember that he is far, far away, but will come to you when the Lord thinks best? and you remember that I meant the picture to stay beside you to comfort you till he comes? Would you like to look at it now?" He made an eager sign of assent, so Mona propped him up with pillows, and the picture was placed where he could easily see it.

One look was all John Winton took of the dear, fair lineaments, but that one glance was enough to link the shattered chords of memory together. The nerves that had been strained till their life was almost gone, vibrated once more to the touch of love. The long-silent lips quivered, and were unsealed, and John Winton, stretching his arms towards the picture, cried out, "Sholto, my son!"



THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT YORK.

THE JUBILEE MEETING.

"TO this city, as the cradle of the Association, we shall ever look back with gratitude; and whether we meet hereafter on the banks of the Isis, the Cam, or the Forth, to this spot we shall fondly revert, and hail with delight the period at which, in our revolution, we shall return to the point of our first attraction." Thus spoke Sir Roderic Murchison at the close of the first meeting of the British Association at York in 1831. It was in the youthful ardour of his scientific zeal—a zeal which never flagged through all the long years which saw him ever active at our meetings. Would that he could have witnessed the return to York at this Jubilee! But his genial presence is with us no more, and few there are of the original members who now survive. John Phillips, the Secretary and manager of the first meeting, also long remained to give the benefit of his wise counsel and ripe experience. It is with strangely mixed feelings we read the proud roll of illustrious names which adorn the early records. Among them were Brewster, Dalton, Sedgwick, Buckland, James D. Forbes, Faraday, Harcourt, Egerton, Whewell, Rosse, Herschel, Brisbane, Scoresby, Lyell, Robinson, Pritchard, Daubeny, Sabine. All these and many others, leaders of science in their day, have gone, and few remain of "the veterans of the Old Guard." The Astronomer-Royal and the Duke of Argyll are, we believe, the only surviving Presidents of the first twenty-five meetings; Airy at Ipswich, in 1851, and Argyll at Glasgow, in 1855. The next in seniority is Owen, who was President at Leeds in 1858. But we refrain from referring to names and events belonging to the second half of the period covered by the Jubilee Anniversary, and which are familiar to most of the present members.

ORIGIN AND BIRTH OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

With regard to the origin of the British Association, we note two things—1st, That the idea of congresses of men of science, distinct from permanent scientific societies, had already been carried out in Germany; 2nd, That the proposal of similar congresses in England is due to Sir David Brewster.

In Germany an annual congress of scientific men had been originated, in 1822, by Dr. Oken, of Munich. The first meeting was held at Leipsic, and its principal object was "to make the cultivators of natural science and of medicine personally acquainted with each other." It was a very humble affair in point of numbers, twelve strangers

and twenty citizens of Leipsic being all who attended. In the six following years the meetings gradually increased in importance. The plan of meeting in various centres from year to year was from the first adopted, and Halle, Wurtzburg, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and Dresden successively received the distinguished strangers. The meeting of 1827, being held in Munich, was warmly patronised by the King of Bavaria. The next meeting was held at Berlin, in September, 1828, under the patronage of the King of Prussia, and under the presidency of Baron Von Humboldt. There was a large gathering of men of science from almost all parts of Europe. The statistics of the meeting are not before us, but the good attendance may be assumed from the fact that on one day 850 persons sat down to dinner at the public *table d'hole* provided for the accommodation of visitors. At an evening conversazione given by the President 1,200 were present, among whom was the king, with several members of the royal family, foreign ambassadors, and many persons of high rank and distinguished talent.

There was only one Englishman of science present, but he was himself a host, and his presence formed a link in the chain of events which led to the institution of our British Association. Mr. Babbage communicated an account of the Berlin Meeting to the "Edinburgh Journal of Science," then one of our first scientific periodicals, and edited by Sir David Brewster. To the same journal Professor Johnstone sent a report of the congress held at Hamburg in 1830. Mr. Babbage was also at that meeting, and two professors of Edinburgh University, Traill and Pillans, with other of our countrymen. Professor Johnstone's report touched the humorous side of the meeting, and referred to the popular ignorance as to the objects of the congress in a commercial town like Hamburg, of which ignorance we have had similar experience in early years of the British Association. The worthy Hamburgers could not comprehend what the meeting was all about, especially when they heard of the Stadt-haus being set apart for enrolment and rencontre, the Boursen Halle for midday assemblies, and the Apollo Saal for evening conversaziones, and, above all, when they heard of the town paying for the entertainment of the visitors. The reports of the sections gave no trade quotations nor share lists, and "if the Senate spend our money in feeding people who come together only to talk and to see one another, the town will be about our ears; the people will not stand it in these revolutionary times!"

We have been accustomed to this tone of banter in the newspapers of England, from the "Times" downward! But in later years no towns have given heartier and more intelligent welcome to the British Association than the great centres of trade, commerce, and manufacture, and no papers have been more generous in praise during later years than those which at first treated the proceedings with indifference or ridicule.

The insertion of these reports of the German congresses in the Edinburgh Journal of Science, and the preparation for that journal of a review of Mr. Babbage's book on the Decline of Science in England, led Sir David Brewster to take up the matter. It could not be in better hands. He determined to propose a congress of men of science, and selected York as the fittest place for the first meeting. York was not only central, but in its Philosophical Society possessed the machinery for carrying out the proposal. Sir David Brewster therefore addressed to the Secretary of that society a letter which has become historical.

"Allerby by Melrose, Feb. 23rd, 1831.

"Dear Sir,—I have taken the liberty of writing to you on a subject of considerable importance. It is proposed to establish a 'British Association of Men of Science' similar to that which has existed for eight years in Germany, and which is now patronised by the most powerful sovereigns in that part of Europe. The arrangements for the first meeting are in progress, and it is contemplated that it shall be held in York, as the most central city of the three kingdoms. My object in writing to you at present is to beg that you would ascertain if York will furnish the accommodation necessary for so large a meeting, which might, perhaps, consist of 100 individuals,—if the Philosophical Society would enter zealously into the plan, and if the mayor and influential persons in the town, and in the vicinity, would be likely to promote its objects. The principal objects of the Society would be to make the cultivators of science acquainted with each other,—to stimulate one another to new exertions,—to bring the objects of science before the public eye,—and to take measures for advancing its interests, and accelerating its progress. The Society would possess no funds, make no collections, and hold no property, the expense of each Anniversary Meeting being defrayed by the members who are present.

"As these few observations will enable you to form a general opinion of the object in view, I shall only add, that the time of meeting which is likely to be most convenient would be about the 18th or 25th of July.

"I am, dear sir,

"Ever most truly yours,

"J. Phillips, Esq."

"D. BREWSTER.

THE YORK MEETING OF 1831.

This letter, having been submitted to the council of the Philosophical Society and the mayor and magistrates of York, was most favourably received, and the month of September was at last fixed upon as the most favourable time for this British congress of *savans* to commence its meetings. The learned and venerable Archbishop of York entered also with zeal into the proposed plan, and offered hospitality to the leading members of the Association, receiving them at the Palace.

Circular letters had been addressed to the friends of science in Great Britain, and, all arrangements having been completed, the Association held its first congress at York, 1831, commencing its sittings on Monday, the 26th of September.

At a subsequent meeting, when the British Association had taken its high position as the recognised Parliament of Science, Professor Phillips described his own feelings, when, on the Sunday afternoon before the Monday on which the meeting was to commence, he walked after service in the Museum Garden, for the purpose of meeting and welcoming any strangers, and found for some time no one had arrived. At last he discovered four persons, all friends of his own, who had come from a considerable distance to lay the foundation of the Association. These four persons, eminent as they were, would not be sufficient to make a meeting; and Professor Phillips had anticipated seeing many more illustrious strangers when he commenced his walk.

Nevertheless, in spite of any discouragement, the inaugural meeting was held, and numbered no less than three hundred and fifty-three persons. On Monday evening the first *réunion* took place in the Museum of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, the design being to afford an opportunity to the distinguished men of science and visitors present to become mutually acquainted before engaging in more important scientific labours. After an interchange of welcome and recognition among the assembly, an eloquent extemporaneous account of the most remarkable geological phenomena of Yorkshire was delivered by Professor Phillips, illustrated by organic remains and drawings selected from the Museum, and contributed by the visitors.

The following day, the first meeting was held for the purpose of organising the Society, Lord Milton, as President of the York Philosophical Society, being called to the chair on the motion of Sir D. Brewster. The assemblage consisted of many distinguished members of scientific bodies from different places in Great Britain. The number of tickets issued was three hundred and fifty-nine, so that the theatre of the York Society, in which the meeting was held, was full.

In his opening speech, Lord Milton spoke of the similar meetings that had taken place on the Continent, the beneficial effects that had resulted from them, and remarked that in our insular and insulated country, as we have few opportunities of communicating with the cultivators of science in other parts of the world, it is the more necessary to adopt means for opening new channels of intercourse with them, and at the same time of promoting a greater degree of scientific intercourse among ourselves.

The Rev. William Vernon Harcourt, Vice-President of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, and Chairman of the Committee of Management, then addressed the meeting, being commissioned by the council of the Philosophical Society to submit for its consideration a plan for the establishment of a system on which similar meetings should be afterwards conducted.

A detailed statement of plans and regulations having been given by Professor Phillips, on the part of the committee of management, Mr. Harcourt explained, in an admirable speech, the objects of the new Association. He proposed that "A British Association for the Advancement

Fitzwilliam John Stevens Henslow,
 John Dalton Chas. Danbury
W^m Bridgeland Whistler
 W. Whewell John Phillips
 Mr Vernon Harcourt H. B. Bigg
 Rich. Owen William Scoresby, F.R.S.
W^m Gregor M. P. Brunel
 Charles Babbage
 W^m Smith Robert Brown
 James F. W. Johnston - A. H. Dick
 J. F. W. Herschel Samuel Foster
Prof. W^m Whewell D. Brewster,

of Science should be founded, having for its objects to give a stronger impulse and more systematic direction to scientific inquiry, to obtain a greater degree of national attention to the objects of science, and a removal of those disadvantages which impede its progress, and to promote the intercourse of the cultivators of science with one another, and with foreign philosophers." Referring to a remarkable passage in the "New Atlantis," by the founder of modern philosophy, he said, "What Bacon foresaw, in distant perspective, it had been for our day to realise; and as his prophetic spirit pointed out the splendid consequences that would result generally from institutions of this kind, so might we hope that the new visions which were opening before us might be productive of still greater effects than have yet been beheld, and that the bringing together the cultivators of science from the north and the south, the east and the west, might fulfil all the anticipations of one of the greatest minds that ever threw glory on our intellectual nature."

The following days were occupied in completing the arrangements, Viscount Milton being chosen president, and Dr. Buckland president elect. Local committees were appointed to act in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin. When these arrangements were completed, the meeting commenced its scientific sitting by lectures, discussion, and the exhibition of interesting scientific objects. Among those who were thus active in promoting the objects of the Association at this first assembly, we find the names of Dr. Dalton, Dr. Henry, Sir D. Brewster, Rev. W. Harcourt, Sir R. Murchison, Dr. Scoresby, Professor J. D. Forbes, Dr. Daubeny, Professor Johnstone, Sir John Robison, and many other eminent scientific men.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MEETING.

The selection of Oxford as the place for the second meeting was mainly due to the zealous advocacy of Dr. Daubeny. It was natural that the third place should be Cambridge. The success of both these meetings exceeded the most sanguine expectation. At Oxford, especially, it was hardly anticipated that much interest would be manifested by the Academic authorities. "It is melancholy," said Mr. Grove, in a report presented at a later period, "to see the number of Oxford graduates who do not know the elementary principles of a telescope, a barometer, or a steam-engine. It is true that, by recent statutes, physics are recognised; but they are not made compulsory or necessary. From what I saw when resident at Oxford, the *genius loci* is so far removed from such studies, that unless they are made compulsory, or tempting prizes are held out, the minds of young men will not, for an indefinitely long period, be directed into that channel; and thus, though the examination papers will look very well to the public, science will form no integral part of a university education."

Science was equally at a discount in the University of Cambridge, in spite of the traditional glory associated with the name of Sir Isaac Newton. Mathematics were regarded chiefly as an aid to intellectual training, and very little con-

nected with physical science, or the advancement of knowledge. In both universities there were men of scientific note, but they were distinguished in spite of, and not by reason of, the system of education.

It is hardly possible now to conceive the practical contempt in which science was held fifty years ago both at Oxford and Cambridge. In effecting the happy change now evident no small share is due to the influence, direct and indirect, of the British Association.*

The first Oxford meeting was held in June, 1832, in the rooms of the Clarendon Buildings, under the presidency of Dr. Buckland, whose name widely represented the science of the university. The Academic authorities showed more complacent courtesy than many expected, and it was a notable sign of advancing liberality that Dalton, Faraday, Brewster, and Robert Brown (*Botanicorum facile principes*) received the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, the highest honour the university has to bestow. The distinction was the more marked, as not one of these four illustrious men was a member of the Church of England. The presence of the veteran Mr. William Smith, "Father of English Geology," and the presentation to him of the Geological Society's medal, was a notable incident of the meeting. Valuable reports were read by Professor Airy, on Astronomy; Dr. Whewell (for Mr. Lubbock), on Tides; Professor Cuming, on Thermo-electricity; and Professor J. D. Forbes, on Meteorology. Other reports of great interest were read, but the most popularly attractive feature was the open-air lecture of Professor Buckland, who led a geological expedition; as Professor Henslow led a botanical party—the earliest of the "Excursions" which have ever since formed so prominent and pleasant a feature in the annual meetings.

The third meeting at Cambridge, under the presidency of Professor Sedgwick, was even more successful; the prosperity of the Association was assured when the fourth meeting was held at Edinburgh, under the presidency of Sir Thomas Brisbane. The numbers had gradually risen from 353 at York, 564 at Oxford, 856 at Cambridge, to 1,139 at Edinburgh. Among the distinguished foreigners were Agassiz and Arago. If space allowed we would fain recall some of the notable incidents of this and other early meetings. Each year has been signalised by some special feature, sometimes the geographers and travellers, sometimes the engineers, sometimes the geologists, sometimes the physicists attracting the chief interest. Each volume of the Association Reports bears evidence of the splendid contributions to science in all its departments, and memory dwells on the learned discussions that often enlivened the sections, and the illustrious men whom it has been a privilege to see and hear. The writer of these notes, in a long life of literary toil, has ever looked forward to the meetings of the Association as his

* An excellent narrative of the first meeting at York, and of some of the subsequent meetings, was prepared by Mrs. W. Fison, under the title of "Handbook of the British Association" (Longmans.) A copy of the same kind, omitting preliminary essays now no longer needed, and brought down to later date, would be useful and popular.

annual holiday season, and has enjoyed the humble but pleasant duty of helping to make known through the press the proceedings of the "Parliament of Science." New names he has heard, and seen new faces, as the years go round; new fields of research have been opened, and new discussions raised, but the old enthusiasm remains, and the traditions of early years have been nobly maintained by a succession of zealous and able cultivators of science. May the next Jubilee meeting witness progress as notable and as continuous as has marked the years from 1831 to 1881!

SPIRIT AND TONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

There was an incident at the first York meeting worthy of being recalled to remembrance. Sir David Brewster, in some remarks on heat, said he had never been more struck than by observing on an old coin which he had placed on hot iron, an inscription, before unnoticed, but which he could now plainly read in a dark room, bearing the words, *Benedictum sit nomen Dei*. Viscount Morpeth, who next addressed the meeting, made happy allusion to this, when referring to the many benefits to science which might be expected from the Association, not merely to incite to new discoveries, but "to promote the comforts and augment the resources of civilised man, and to exalt above and over all the wonder-working hand of Heaven. For it will always come out from the pursuit of knowledge, as surely as from the old medal of which we have just heard, *Benedictum sit nomen Dei*. Observe well," he continued, "if you wish to appreciate the true value and nobility of science, that while it proposes to itself distinct courses and definite spheres of its own, its general tendencies conduce to peace, and minister to piety." The hearty response given to Lord Morpeth's eloquent words bore testimony to the spirit which animated the founders and first leaders of the Association. The same spirit has appeared at most of its meetings, and in the addresses of its most distinguished presidents.

In later years we have on more than one occasion been sorry to see a descent from the high tone of earlier days, and an attempt made to introduce the degrading spirit of materialism. The successful cultivation of some branches of physical science has had the tendency to hide from its votaries the world of mind, a world with its own phenomena and its own laws, and of which the existence rests on evidence distinct but as certain as that of the material world. To these narrow men physical science represents all knowledge and all philosophy. The first aphorism of Bacon's "Novum Organum" is unknown to them, where the interpretation of nature in the two great realms of matter and of mind is declared to be the true object of the modern philosophy, "Homo, naturae minister et interpres, tantum facit et intelligit quantum de naturae ordine *re vel mente* observaverit: nec amplius scit aut potest." "Such men," said Dr. Chalmers, at the Cambridge meeting, in 1833, referring to the scepticism of some

cultivators of science, "call themselves philosophers, but are the disciples of a second-rate philosophy. There is a humility of mind, the offspring of true philosophy, which manifests itself in well-constituted minds, and was seen chief of all in that of the great Sir Isaac Newton, the glory of Cambridge and more especially the glory of Trinity College."

At the meeting at Edinburgh, in 1834, Dr. Abercrombie, the distinguished physician, and author of the well-known treatise on the "Intellectual Powers," observed that "Infidelity and irreligion are the offspring of ignorance united to presumption; and the boldest researches of physical science, if conducted in the spirit of true philosophy, must lead us but to new discoveries of the power, and wisdom, and harmony, and beauty which pervade the works of Him who is eternal." If in some minds there is a tendency to rest in the phenomena of the material world, and to count it wisdom to profess "agnosticism" as to whatever does not affect the senses, this is indeed "science falsely so called." It was not the philosophy of Brewster and Brisbane, Dalton and Faraday, Sedgwick and Buckland, Herschel and Forbes, and other great lights of science, whose names we honour and whose spirit we would imitate. Cleverness in research and clearness in exposition may exist along with narrowness of intellect and irreverence of spirit, and are poor substitutes for the deep yet devout philosophy of the true followers of Bacon, Boyle, and Newton.

Public Observatories.—According to the "Annuaire" of Brussels Observatory, for 1881, there are at present 118 public astronomical observatories in full activity, viz.—84 in Europe, 2 in Asia, 2 in Africa, 3 in Oceania, and 27 in the two Americas. The United States alone have 10, Mexico has 2, Brazil, Chili, Columbia, Ecuador, the Argentine Republic, and New Britain, one each. In Europe, Prussia is the State which has most public observatories, it has 29; next come England and Russia, which have respectively 14 and 12; then Italy, which has 9, Austria 8, France 6, Switzerland 4, Sweden 3, Holland, Norway, Spain, and Portugal, 2 each; lastly, Belgium, Greece, and Denmark. The oldest observatory in operation at present is that of Leyden, founded in 1632; it has thus existed nearly two centuries and a half. That of Copenhagen was instituted a few years later; it dates from 1637. Forty years after, the observatory of Paris was founded, and in 1675 that of Greenwich. Of observatories founded in the eighteenth century, 41 still exist; 3 were founded between 1700 and 1725, 6 between 1725 and 1750, 19 between 1750 and 1775, and 13 between 1775 and 1800. Of those instituted during the present century, 19 date from between 1800 and 1825, 17 from 1825 to 1850, 39 from 1850 to 1880. The observatories of Italy date from the second half of the eighteenth century. In Russia the oldest observatory, that of Moscow, was founded in 1760, those of Warsaw and Wilna date from 1714, the nine others being instituted in the present century. In Germany the oldest observatory is that of Berlin (1705). Four new observatories have been erected within the last two years. In France, after that of Paris, which dates from 1667, the oldest observatories are those of Marseilles (1702) and Toulouse (1775). Those of Meudon, Lyons, and Montsouris are recent. The oldest observatory of the New World is that of Rio Janeiro, founded in 1780. After it, the oldest is that of Chicago (1822). The other observatories of America have been constructed in the second half of this century. In America, since 1870, six observatories of the best construction and equipped with the most perfect instruments have been established.



Day-dreams.

SURE sits within a sheltered nook,
Whose lofty trees make dim the day;
Loose folded hands upon her book,
And smiling eyes that downward look,
The while her thoughts are far away.

They wander through a wide domain,
The happy heritage of youth,
Where fancy guides the willing brain,
And castles in the air retain
For evermore the guise of truth.

The song of birds, the calm retreat,
Soft summer breath which may not stir,
The wild flowers growing at her feet,
All help to make such musing sweet,
And shape the dreams that come to her.

Dream on, then, maiden, while you make
In simple faith some grand ideal,
But let not dreams your ardour slake,
Nay, rather all fair virtues take
Back to the world, and prove them real.
SYDNEY GREY.

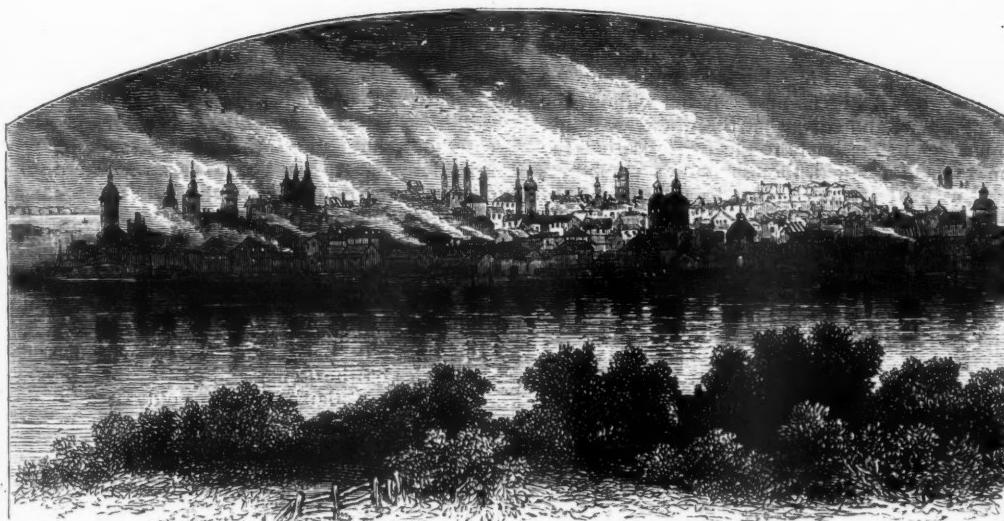
Perhaps a poet's magic rhyme
Hath round her soul enchantment cast,
Perhaps a tale of olden time,
A deed which men still count sublime,
Piercing the mist that veils the past.

Or does she think of human life,
And deem it, as the wisest should,
A battle-ground for noble strife,
A germ with hidden wonders rife,
Not lightly to be understood ?

Oh, idle dreams ! And yet it seems
To me one thing is very sure,
That half our more pretentious schemes
And fruitless work are nought but dreams,
And oftentimes less wise and pure.

THE BURNING OF IRKUTSK.

BY THE REV. HENRY LANSDELL, F.R.G.S.



IRKUTSK.

I REACHED Irkutsk with my interpreter just in time to see the town destroyed by fire, and some twenty thousand of its people rendered houseless and homeless. That we ourselves escaped without loss, or very great inconvenience, I attribute to our having turned aside some two or three stations before we reached the city to see the great central prison at Alexandreffsky, in coming from which we were delayed by a series of accidents. We chafed at the time because of these delays, but they proved to be most merciful providences.

The prison lay some two or three hours' journey off the main road, and thither we had proceeded on Friday afternoon, but could not gain admission till the next morning. We were returning from Alexandreffsky, and had commenced a descent through a pine-forest, the horses going with a run, when one of the reins broke. The right-wheeler ran too wide from the centre horse, and before the yemstchik, or driver, could stop his team, we came to a pine-tree at the side of the road, which the outer horse was foolish enough to allow to come between him and his fellow. We were now going at a furious pace. In rushing by I thought I saw our horse's head go right against the tree with a force that must have killed it. We ran some distance before the remaining horses could be stopped, and then the yemstchik went back.

To our surprise, however, the horse that had caused the mischance had run away. The pace at which the tarantass was going had broken the remaining rein, and had snapped his traces, and so allowed us to escape, by a few inches at most, a terrible accident.

We had now to search for our missing steed, which could nowhere be seen, for which purpose the yemstchik mounted one of our remaining horses, whilst my companion and I patiently waited his return. Presently our appetites reminded us that we had had no dinner, and there appeared no prospect of getting any. Moreover, we were not enamoured of our position—in the midst of a forest in which probably were wolves and bears, and that, too, in the neighbourhood of a prison, from which escaped convicts might very well be prowling about, seeking how to live, and not being too precise as to their method of doing so.

After a while a rough-looking man was seen coming along the road with an extraordinary wallet slung at his side. As he approached he was seen to be curiously ornamented with a profusion of brass buttons and decorations, some of which would have served for the dress of a Tunguse *shaman*, or priest. He turned out to be a horse-doctor and not a robber, though he naïvely said that when he saw us at first he thought we were high-

waymen, until the sight of the tarantass reassured him. At length, as the day wore on, my companion proposed that he should mount the remaining steed and go to look after the yemstchik. I had then to wait in solitude for whatever might appear. Fortunately there were seen neither bears nor wolves nor robbers, and as I had Wallace's "Russia" with me I had leisure to prosecute my studies. Presently two girls appeared drawing a handcart, in which I thought they might have something eatable which I could buy, but they had no mind to stop in such a lonely place, and be questioned by the dumb signs and fragmentary speeches of a stranger (for I could not speak Russian), and so they got on as quickly as possible.

At length, after having been absent about five hours, the yemstchik reappeared, but without the missing horse, and somewhat the worse for drink. He managed to intimate to me by signs that the animal was not killed, though he was much perturbed at his loss and began to cry. My companion soon after came up with no better news; and we therefore determined to proceed with the two horses, and make known our loss by the way.

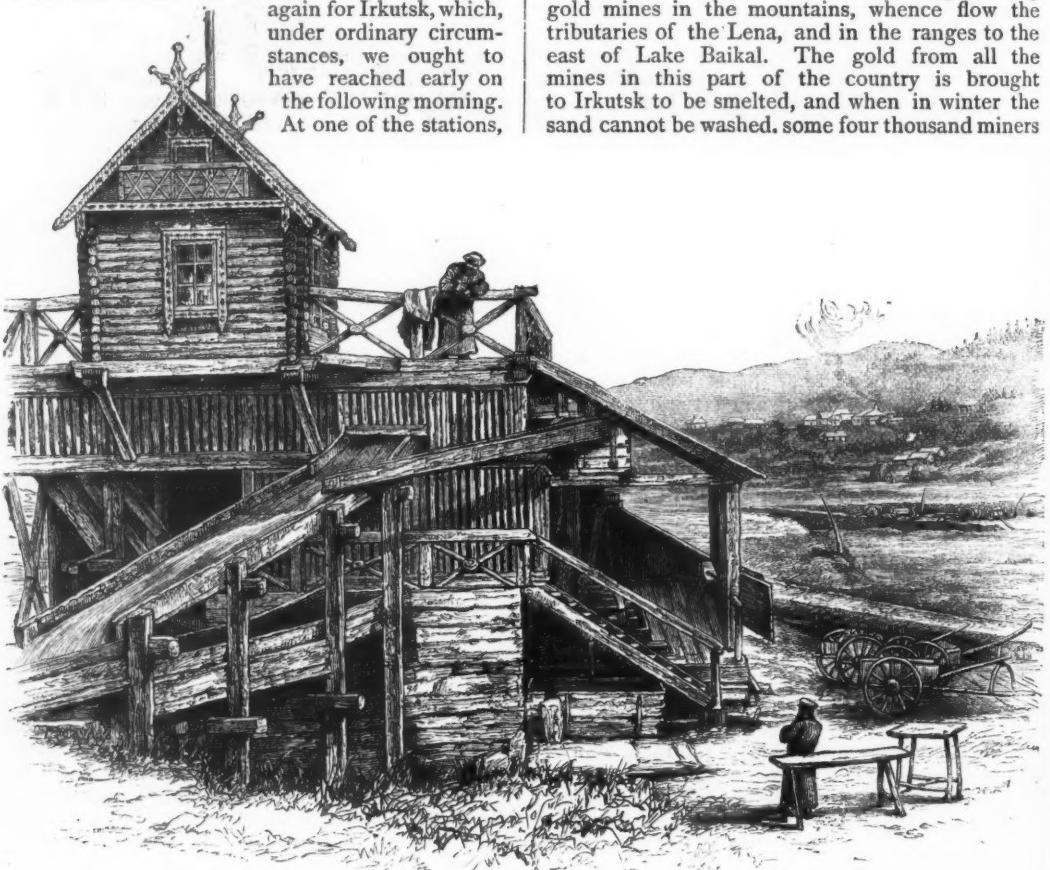
And so it came to pass that by nightfall we got back to the main road. About midnight we started again for Irkutsk, which,

under ordinary circumstances, we ought to have reached early on the following morning.
At one of the stations,

however, there were no horses, and we had to wait four hours. Horses, however, were at length forthcoming, and about ten o'clock we came within sight of the city.

What a vivid recollection I have of the lovely morning of that 7th July! The sun was bright and warm, the air was not yet hot, and the peasants of the outlying villages were dressed in their Sunday clothes. The road lay near the cold and swiftly-flowing Angara, and the plains over which we passed were stocked with cattle. But before us lay Irkutsk, a city that to many is unknown, and which, even in Russia, is mentioned with bated breath as the abode of exiles, and a place that is far, very far, off. This city, or perhaps Kiakhta, I had thought originally to make the *ultima thule* of our travels, and more than one of my friends had prophesied that we should never get there. Some said that I was undertaking more than I could carry out, and others that I should not be permitted by the Russians to go so far. There stole over us therefore a subtle feeling of satisfaction as we posted along and saw how soon these prophecies were to be falsified and our long-cherished hopes fulfilled.

Irkutsk is the capital of Eastern Siberia, and one of the richest cities of Siberia, not a little of its wealth being derived from its neighbouring gold mines in the mountains, whence flow the tributaries of the Lena, and in the ranges to the east of Lake Baikal. The gold from all the mines in this part of the country is brought to Irkutsk to be smelted, and when in winter the sand cannot be washed, some four thousand miners



SIBERIAN GOLD MINE.

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spend in this city their time and their money.* Irkutsk, moreover, has long afforded a cheerful place of rest for travellers coming from China or proceeding eastward to the Pacific. The winter climate, too, is well spoken of, and storms are less frequent than at Petersburg or Moscow. The snows are not superabundant, and whether in winter or summer, the panorama of Irkutsk and its surroundings is one of beauty. Of its twenty churches several were planned and constructed by two Swedish engineer-officers captured at Pultava and exiled by the great Peter.

The markets of Irkutsk are well supplied. Fish and game are plentiful; beef is abundant and good, and costs about twopence the pound. Pork, veal, and mutton are also cheap, especially in winter, when everything that can be frozen succumbs to the frost. One may then see frozen chickens, partridges, and other game thrown in heaps, like bricks or firewood. Butcher's meat is alike solid, and some of the salesmen place their animals in fantastic positions before freezing them. Frozen fish are piled in stacks, and milk is offered for sale in cakes or bricks. A stick or string is generally congealed into a corner of the mass to facilitate carriage, so that one can swing a quart of milk at his side or wrap it in his kerchief at discretion. Whilst the products of the country are thus cheap, however, it should be observed that everything brought from beyond the Urals is expensive on account of the long land-carriage. Champagne costs twelve or fourteen shillings a bottle, and porter and ale seven shillings and sixpence. The lowest price of sugar is eightpence a pound—sometimes a shilling—and as much as half-a-crown may occasionally be asked for a lemon to flavour one's tea.

The town, as we saw it, looked very pretty from a distance. The domes and spires of a dozen churches pointed heavenwards, and on the hills around the city were seen handsome villas nestling among the trees, whilst the town, built on a tongue of land, was bounded on either side by a river. Alas! we little knew how speedily the face of things was to change.

On reaching the ferry wherewith to pass the river, there were waiting a large number of common vehicles, before which, however, our post-horses had precedence in crossing, and we drove through a triumphal arch, situated at the entrance of the town. We had not gone far before we saw the signs of fire. Two blocks of buildings had been destroyed, and were still smoking, but it was only similar to what we had seen at Perm and Tagil, so that we were not greatly surprised.

We drove to Decocq's Hotel and took apartments, paid and dismissed the yemstchiks, moved our belongings from the larger of our two tarantassi, and were arranging them in our rooms, when it was shouted that another fire had broken out. I clambered to the roof of the stables, and there, plainly enough, were flames mounting upwards not a dozen houses off, and in the same street, though on the opposite side of the way.

We bundled our things back into the tarantass, told the yemstchiks to put to their horses, and in a few minutes were out in the street.

Men were running from all directions, not with the idle curiosity of a London crowd at a fire, but with the blanched faces and fear-stricken countenances of those who knew that the devastation might reach them. They looked terribly in earnest; women began to scream and children to cry.

Meanwhile the yemstchiks asked, "Where should they drive?" I tried to discover where some of the persons lived to whom I had introductions, but people were too excited to tell me, and at last my companion suggested that we should go out of the town, right across the river. Not knowing what better to do, I assented, and we soon put nearly a mile between us and the flames, and came to the bank of the Angara, where was a swinging ferry, but not the one by which we had crossed before.

The ferry was all but loaded, and would not take more than one of our tarantassi. I therefore went with the first, leaving the interpreter to follow. On landing, the yemstchik drove along a jetty, at the end of which he motioned to me as to whether he should turn to the left or the right. To me it was just the same, but I pointed to the left, and that turning proved to be of not a little importance. I could say nothing to the yemstchik, and had therefore to wait till the ferry returned, and then crossed again with the interpreter's tarantass, and this occupied the greater part of an hour.

Meanwhile, the increased smoke in the distance showed that the fire was spreading, and in front of their houses the people of the small suburb called Glasgova, to which I had come, were looking on. Among the common people I noticed a well-dressed lady, who likewise was gazing anxiously at the rising clouds of smoke. Advancing to her, therefore, I asked if she spoke English or French, upon which she inquired who I was and what I wanted.

I replied that I was an English clergyman travelling, that I had just arrived in Irkutsk, had run away from the fire, and was seeking a lodging. She said there were no lodgings to be had in any of the few houses on that side of the river, "but," said she, "pray come into my little house, where you are welcome to remain at least during the day." I was only too glad to do so, and, seeing that there was a small yard attached to the premises, I asked permission to put there our two tarantassi, in which we might sleep until some better place could be discovered.

We soon found that our hostess was a lady by birth, of good family, and an exile, though not a political one. She was by no means reticent in telling us her history, from which it appeared she had been exiled for a criminal offence. On arriving at Irkutsk the governor-general had shown her kindness in allowing her to remain in the town, where she partly supported herself by giving lessons. The occasion, however, was not suited to a long conversation, for the fire was increasing, and after our hostess had kindly given us some

* Our engraving represents a washing-house and gold mine worked by convicts at Kara.

dinner, we asked whether we could be of service. Her brother had gone into the town to the house of his parents to help them, and I offered to accompany madame to her friends to see if we could be of use, whilst my interpreter stayed to guard the house.

Madame and I therefore set out, accompanied by her maid, and on reaching the ferry we met with a pitiable sight, for people were fleeing from the city in multitudes, carrying with them that which was most valuable or most dear. There was an old woman tottering under a heavy load of valuable furs piled on her head. Next came a poor half-blind nun hugging an *ikon*, or sacred picture, which she evidently prized as the most precious of her possessions; and after her came a delicate young lady, crying along the street, with her favourite kitten in her arms. Boys were seen luggering along that first requisite of a Russian home, the brazen *samovar*; and the terror written on all countenances spoke of fear and dismay.

We pushed on, however, to the principal street, for madame's friends lived on the other side of the city. We tried to hire a *droshky*, or cab, but it was in vain to call. They were engaged in removing valuables from burning houses, and so were the best vehicles and carriages the town possessed. Even costly sleighs, laden with such things as could be saved from the coming destruction, were dragged over the stones and grit in the streets.

Before long we came to the wide street in which were situated the best shops and warehouses, and where the fire was raging on either side and spreading. Those who were wise were bringing out their furniture, their account-books, and their treasures as fast as possible and depositing them on the road and on vehicles to be carried away. A curious medley these articles presented! Here were costly pier-glasses, glass chandeliers, and pictures, such as one would hardly have expected to see in Siberia at all, whilst a little farther on, perchance, were goods from a grocer's or provision merchant's shop, and all sorts of delicacies, such as sweets and tins of preserved fruits, to which they who chose helped themselves; and common men were seen tearing open the tins to suck for the first time in their lives slices of West India pine-apples or luscious peaches and apricots.

Other prominent articles of salvage were huge family bottles of rye brandy, some of which people hugged in their arms as if for their life, whilst other bottles were standing about and others were being drunk by those who carried them. The effects were soon apparent in the grotesque and foolish doings of men in the incipient stages of drunkenness.

It was curious to watch the conduct of some of the merchants, who seemed to hope against hope, and kept their shops locked and barred, as if to keep out thieves, and with the wish that the fire might not reach their premises. I noticed one man, a grocer, who kept his doors barred till the flames had come within two houses of his own, and then, throwing open the doorway, he called in the crowd to carry out his merchandise. They entered and brought out loaves of

sugar, and similar goods, until one man carried out a glass case full of *bonbons*, towards which there was a general rush, every one filling his pockets amid roars of laughter. With these shouts of laughter, however, were mingled the crying of women, who wrung their hands as they cleared out their houses and saw the destroying flames only too surely approaching their homes.

In the streets were all sorts of people, soldiers, officers, cossacks, civilians, tradesmen, gentlemen, women and children, rich and poor, young and old, though not in dense crowds.

Some were making themselves useful to their neighbours, and some few were looking idly on. At every door was placed a jug of clean water for those to drink who were thirsty, and it would have been well if nothing stronger had been taken.

The fire-engine arrangements seemed to me all confusion. There were some English engines in the town. One of them, of a brilliant red, had the well-known name thereon of "Merryweather and Sons." But the Siberians had not practised their engines in a time of prosperity, and the consequence was that the pipes had become dry and useless, and would not serve them in the day of adversity. The arrangements, too, for bringing water were of the clumsiest description. There was a river flowing on either side of the city; but the firemen seemed to have no means of bringing the water by pipes, they carried it in large barrels on wheels. Now and then one saw a hand machine in use, about the size of a garden hose, or a jet such as London tradesmen use to clean their pavements and their windows.

There appeared, moreover, to be no one to take the command. I noticed in one case, as the flames approached the corner of a street, it evidently occurred to some that if the house at the opposite corner could be pulled down the fire might stop there for want of anything further to burn. They therefore got to the top of the house, and with crowbars loosened the beams and threw them down, but before they had gone on long they changed their minds, and seemed oblivious of the fact that the fire would burn the wooden beams equally well on the ground as when standing in a pile.

The fire, however, had everything in its favour. Nearly all the houses were of wood, so completely so that after the fire there was often nothing remaining where a house had stood except the brickwork of the stove in the centre. Besides this, there was a fresh breeze blowing, and though the houses were in many cases detached, yet it frequently happened that the intervening spaces were stacked with piles of firewood, which helped, of course, to spread the conflagration. The heat was so great that it set houses on fire across a wide street, and that without the approach of sparks. In one case, that of a handsome shop, I observed that the first things that caught were the outside sun-blinds, which were so scorched that they at last ignited, and then set fire to the window-frames, and so to the whole building.

It soon became apparent that madame could not reach her friends on the other side of the

carried which these had the as they roving names. Soldiers, men, old, to their ally on. latter for and have en. to me engines at red, Merry did not ty, and become in the o, for scription. of the means of a large a hand hose, clean to take as the it evi- at the fire her to house, threwn long ligious wooden stand- favour. completely othing pt the Besides though yet it spaces which ration. ses on ut the hand- rs that were so men set whole could of the

city, and therefore we rested awhile, and looked on at the fire; after which, we made our way back towards the ferry, calling here and there, and offering our services. One person asked us to take away her little daughter, which we did, and her husband's revolver, which I carried. We returned towards the river, whilst on all hands people of all grades were pressing into their service all available workers for the removal of their goods. A procession, likewise, was formed by priests and people, with banners, headed by an *ikon*, in the hope that the fire would be stayed.

It was evening before we reached our temporary home, and as the day closed the workers grew tired. Many were drunk, and others gave up in despair. The impression seemed to gain ground that nothing could be done, but that the devouring element must be left to burn itself out. Hope, therefore fled, and the flames continued to spread, till the darkness showed a line of fire and smoke that was estimated at not less than a mile and a half in length.

It seemed as if nothing would escape. Now one large building caught and then another, the churches not excepted. To add to the vividness of the scene an alarm of church bells would suddenly burst out, to intimate that help was needed in the vicinity. Then, perhaps, shortly afterwards, the flames would be seen playing up the steeple, and fancifully peeping out of apertures and windows, then reaching the top and presenting the strange spectacle of a fenestrated tower on fire, with the flames visible only at top, middle, and bottom. Then, after a while, the whole would fall with a crash, and the sky would be lit up with sparks and a lurid glare such as cannot be forgotten.

Meanwhile the people continued to flee by thousands. The swinging ferry near us crossed and recrossed incessantly, bringing each time its sorrowful load, either bearing away their valuables, or going back to fetch others. Many of the people brought such of their goods as they could save to the banks and islands of the two rivers, and there they took up their abode for the night in a condition compared with which ours was a comfort itself.

Towards midnight the town presented a marvellous spectacle. I have already spoken of the enormous length of the line of fire when looked at laterally, but as the darkness deepened I walked down to a point on the bank from which could be seen the apex of the triangle, in the form of which the town was built, and where appeared a mass of flames which was estimated as covering an area of not less than half a square mile.

Towards morning the fire abated, but only because it had burnt all that came in its way. About eleven o'clock the last houses standing on the opposite bank caught fire, and thus, in about four-and-twenty hours, three-fourths of the town were consumed. The number of houses burnt were, of stone, upwards of 100, and of wooden buildings 3,500, also six churches, two Jews' synagogues, and two Lutheran and Romish chapels, and the destruction of property was estimated at £3,000,000 sterling. Moreover, since

the town contained about 38,000 inhabitants, upwards of 20,000 of these, I suppose, must have been rendered houseless and homeless.

We could realise on the Monday more vividly the condition of the people who had fled on the previous day. There were gentle people "camped out" under chests of drawers, tables and boxes arranged in the best manner that was possible in the open air, sheets being used for walls, and curtains for coverings. *Ikons* from churches were standing about, and there were tables covered with philosophical instruments from the gymnasium, carts filled with moveables, and the instruments from the telegraph stations standing by a post, to which paper streamers were fastened to intimate that this was the temporary telegraph office.

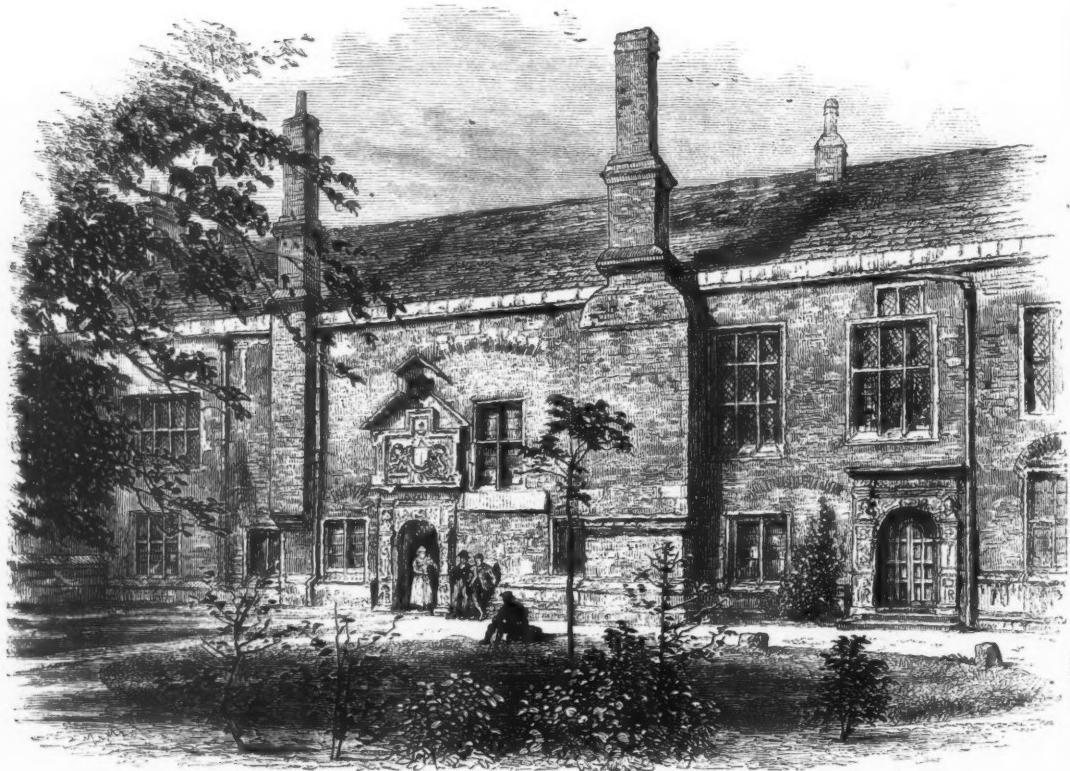
The people's demeanour, however, was in strange contrast with their pitiable condition, for they had saved their *samovars*, were drinking afternoon tea, and on all sides were joking and laughing at their comical situation. I was accompanied by a telegraph officer who spoke English, and who found many of his friends among those by the river. Each began good-humouredly to ask what the other had lost in the fire, and what they had saved. Nobody seemed at all dull over the matter, and the same thing was apparent with the deputy governor-general, Ismailoff, upon whom we called. "What have you lost?" said the general to my companion, who lightly threw open his coat and intimated that his clothes were all he had saved, whereupon the general laughed heartily, and said that he was not so well off even as that, for the very shirt on his back was a borrowed one. Yet this governor had lost in the fire a brand new house, upon which he had expended many thousands of roubles.

There were various rumours afloat that the town had been purposely set on fire. We heard similar reports at Perm and Tagil, and it was said at Irkutsk that more than twenty arrests had been made: but on asking the governor, it proved that only two men had been arrested, and it was very doubtful, he said, whether even they were guilty. The only rational origin I heard of the fire was that a hayloft had ignited, from which the flames spread.

We had subsequently opportunities of seeing the ruins of the city. People had taken refuge with their salvage in the large squares, so that these were full of people as well as the banks and islands of the rivers. Many, however, had fled into the neighbouring villages. The houses in the suburbs were saved, and so were many of the buildings standing in spacious grounds. A few of the churches also were untouched. The large hospital was safe, and so was the *usine* for smelting the gold, and the governor-general's house, but many of the public buildings had perished, and so had the museum. Three-fourths of the city were destroyed, and so complete was the wreck that the *isvostchiks* with their droshkies hardly knew their way about the blackened streets.

I have heard since my return that the town is being rebuilt on a grander scale than before.

YORK AND ITS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.



PALACE OF THE STUARTS, YORK.

THE Jubilee Meeting of the British Association in York will turn many eyes to this ancient city, the capital of the largest county in England, and the only one still retaining the division into trythongs or ridings, dating from the time of King Alfred. Its chief magistrate is entitled to be called Lord Mayor, and thus takes rank with the Lord Mayor of London. In the early Parliaments the members for York were privileged to wear scarlet gowns, and to sit by the side of the members for London, similarly attired, on the Privy Councillors' bench, at the opening of every new Parliament. Its central position had much to do with its selection as the first meeting-place of the British Association, in 1831, as it afterwards had with its selection as the centre of the north-eastern railway system. Its history is a panorama of the civilisations of these islands. On the one side we are compelled to range over the

ancient world, with its centre at Rome and its British capital at York, fair as Rome itself, according to the testimony of many witnesses. On the other we are winged in white-sailed ships to the New World, where we find a representative commercial city arising, bearing its name and proud of its memory. The centre of North American commerce might have been called New Venice, Antwerp, or Amsterdam, but, in being called New York, it is an eloquent memory of a perished fact, the bustling grandeur of commercial York in the middle ages.

Modern York can be compared to nothing better than a large parchment written over with divers characters, the majority large and distinct, others small and faint, though visible at times through the larger letters, with here and there a capital or an uncial left intact, or a complete word in sharp antique letters, a bit of gold and colour,

a fragment of an unknown tongue, a misty blank, an erasure, or a blot. The large writing represents the overpowering modern time that assails our senses, in houses, streets, dress, and language. The other writing is ancient, of different dates, but each portion of a style or a story once common to the whole skin. If we dwell on each feature in turn, beginning with the most ancient, we may be able to reproduce its connecting parts, as Cuvier built up an ideal skeleton from a single bone. The antiquary and the historian will shake hands.

British York is but poorly represented on our parchment. A little trace of woad in the name "Ebrauc," and a word standing for fort, of which a few rotten piles under the old Roman wall are the only remains, must suffice to stimulate the imagination. A royal but rudely-built city rises slowly before us. Banked up from the Ouse side is an oak-palisaded enclosure, within which are hundreds of round huts, half sunk in the ground, laid out in streets that meet in the centre, where the royal residence is, and full of stalwart-limbed, fair-haired men, roughly-shirted, with cloaks of plaid over their shoulders, spear in hand, attended by large hounds, or driving their war-chariots to the central space for exercise. Their long moustaches and trimmed chins give them a fierce appearance. At the doorways sit the women, making baskets. The king himself, with his priests and advisers, is dispensing justice in his royal hall. Looking over the palisade, behind which picked warriors are stationed, we see a wild scene. Beneath us flows the Ouse, or "the water," upon which are many wicker coracles, like those we saw the women making just now, plastered with mud and rushes. Paddling about in them are stripped Ebraucians, who show their woad-stained skins. From the right of the long shallow river, looking to its source, stretches a marshy lagoon, alive with wild fowl, and its bank is green with waving barley. Looking northwards is a dense virgin forest of British oaks, gnarled, weird, mighty-armed. Shouts of hounds and hunters ring out from its sunless recesses every now and then; and afar, a mere blue tint on the horizon, are the hills which give to the people about us the name of the Brigantes, or the Highlanders.

ROMAN YORK.

When the Romans penetrated thus far north they found this wooden city. The site was good, the power of its king had been in consequence well-established, and Agricola determined to make it the centre of Roman power. This was about A.D. 79, and for more than three hundred years the Romans occupied the site, finding it wood and leaving it stone. Architects and builders were brought from Italy, stone was quarried in the neighbourhood, bricks were made, wood abounded, and Romans and Britons worked together in making it what it was called—"The other Rome," "The City of Victory," "The City of the Sixth Legion." Let us sketch the result. A rectangular and strongly-walled camp stands to the north-east, of which the Multangular Tower in the Museum Gardens is an undoubted portion. The wall runs

eastward, through the site of the present judges' lodgings in Lendal to the corner of Market Street. It then proceeds by St. Sampson Square to Aldwark End, turning to the left and across the site of Monk Bar, and precisely on the lines of the present walls to Bootham Bar, and thence to the many-angled tower. Some of the richest finds have been made between the tower and Bootham Bar. The site of the present cathedral is nearly in the centre of the camp. Square towers rise at intervals along the walls, opening inwards to the camp, and stored with engines of war. Four massive gates pierce the walls. Bootham Bar stands on the site of the only one that can now be identified, and probably its Norman arch and foundations were made of portions of the Roman gate. Within, the camp is laid out in the usual Roman fashion, with a drill-ground, or forum, where the four roads meet. The Sixth Legion, some four or five thousand strong, and portions of other legions, are permanently stationed here.

Here also is the Imperial Palace—the *Domus Palatina*—in which Hadrian rested on his way to the site where he drew the Roman wall. Septimius Severus lived here with his sons Caracalla and Geta. Bedern is the supposed site of the palace, in which case Roman York faced to the north-west, as the Praetorium was usually near the rear. The fine sculptures supposed to have formed part of Bootham Bar would be worthy of the Praetorian Gate. In the Praetorium, Geta administered justice, assisted by Papinian, Paulus, and Ulpian. Caracalla and Severus gave judgment here on the Sicilia case, involving the right of possessing slaves. Their rescript, dated from the palace, is still extant in Rome. A school of Roman law in York continued to exist for five hundred years after Papinian, its founder. Lawmen governed before the City Council was established. If Constantine was born in the city, it was in the palace. Around the palace are the guards, and within its walls, adding splendour to its ceremonies, are tributary chiefs in their plaids and skins, with golden torques and anklets.

Outside the walls are splendid suburbs and houses, whose tessellated floors attest their grandeur. Near Bootham Bar is the Temple of Bellona, on the site of St. Helen's Church is the Temple of Diana, near Micklegate Bar is the circular temple to the holy god Serapis, domed with red brick. The eye wanders over a succession of strange scenes. Well-made roads pierce the forest; merchants are coming along them with corn, wool, and cattle. Milestones mark the distance from the golden pillar in the Praetorium. Taking the road to Isurium, we pass by baths, circuses, theatres, palatial buildings, with commoner houses of wood and plaster intervening. We reach the *Via Sacra* and the hills of Severus. Tombs are about us, and altars. Many of the former are to young children, and they show with what tenderness the old Romans buried their dear ones in a strange land. The latter are dedicated to Jupiter, Mars, to the goddess Fortune; and here is one to the "Happy Genius of the Place," out of which a St. Paul would surely have found a text. On the hills the Emperor Severus was burnt, in accordance

with Roman custom, clothed in his kingly garb, princes and warriors riding thrice round his funeral pyre, as described by Virgil.

The commoner realities of life in York can be studied amidst the carefully-stored if limited antiquities in the Hospitium in the Museum Gardens—stone coffins, tile tombs, altars, Samian ware, pavements, and bath-flues. But nothing can be more strikingly realistic than the print of wolves' feet on the grave-tiles of soldiers, the combs the Roman ladies left in their baths, and the toys with which little Romans played sixteen hundred years ago. Looking, finally, from the Multangular Tower, the eye luxuriates over a grand panorama of forest and suburb, of temples and palaces. Squarely-built Romans, dusky slaves, armed warriors, grave citizens, and gay ladies pass and repass, with here and there a wild-eyed, dark-vestured Briton from the Wolds, glancing at the mighty buildings, the thick walls, the wheeled engines of war. Music sounds from the Forum. The rattle and tramp of the Sixth Legion is heard. The thin smoke of a funeral pyre curls up from the other side of the river. At our feet is the Ebur, crowded with high-pooped galleys, and their long rows of oars and painted sails. Yonder is a bridge of boats.

York was the centre of Roman power and civilisation, and hence, when the Roman forces were reduced and the legions which had been cantoned along the Roman wall were withdrawn, the Scots, who had never been subdued, were the first to perceive the diminished pressure and to take advantage of it. They rushed southward and captured York. Its history for six hundred years is a struggle between Scots and Britons, between the Saxons, or the English, and the Danes. Now one was victorious, and now the other. The English came from the south, the Britons from the west, the Danes up the Humber and the Ouse. Edwin the Great is the only monarch who has left his impress on the city. He was baptized here by Paulinus, and the wooden church he had built to St. Peter in 627 was on the site of the present cathedral. It was then enclosed by a stone church, of which there are remains in the crypt, still in fair preservation. The Saxons, or English, learned the art of building from what they saw of Roman structures, and tried to imitate. They lived in the palaces of Roman kings and merchants, they used their jewels, and they ransacked their tombs, ruins, camps, and temples for hidden treasures. With Paulinus, who baptized Edwin and his Court, and the people of York and its vicinity, the line of archbishops begins to pass into clearness and true history. After Edwin came, so the chroniclers say, King Arthur of romance, to be followed once more by the English and then the Danes. In the Minster, built by Archbishop Albert and his two illustrious pupils, Eanbald and Alcuin, was founded the famous school of York and its wonderful library. Alcuin has described the treasures of the latter. They were copied and sent into France. Charlemagne eventually enticed him to settle in France, whither he had conveyed the fame of York school and the wonders of its written books. Pleasant pictures of its daily life are to be

found in Alcuin's works, over which we fain would linger.

DANISH YORK.

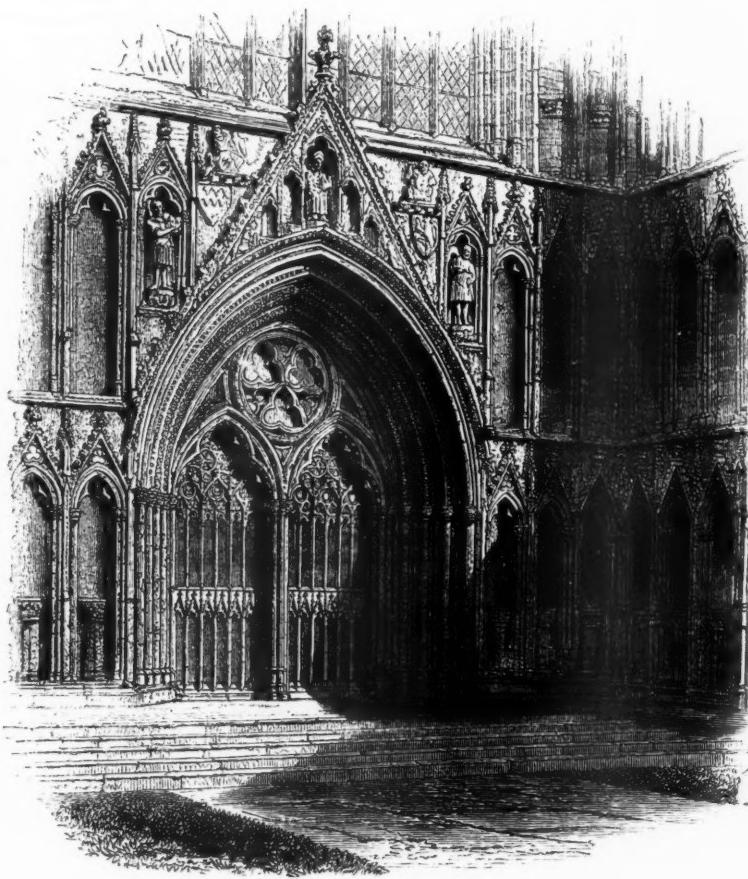
The Minster, the Library, and thirty-nine parish churches perished in the fire occasioned by the desire of the inhabitants to clear the suburbs when the Northumbrians and the Danes, in 1069, wished to withstand the Normans. The Danes are usually accused of having destroyed the Roman glories of York, but a biographer of Bishop Oswald, whose Life has been discovered in comparatively recent years in a Cottonian ms., relieves them from this stigma. Oswald was himself a Dane, and his biographer states that the Roman walls were still in existence in 972, and all the chief public buildings and temples, though much battered and decayed. The city was full of shops and warehouses, and thronged with Danish merchants. Its adult population numbered at least thirty thousand; its suburbs extended for a mile from the cathedral. The Danes have left their memorials in the names of several streets, such as Goodramgate, named after the Danish chief Gudrum, or Guthrum, and Finkle Street (from Vinkle, an angle).

William the Conqueror besieged the city for six months, and then made the district a waste. For nine years, so old chroniclers say, not a plough turned the soil, not a blade of barley lifted its pencilled awns to breeze or sky. But he and his immediate successors did much to restore and beautify the city. They rebuilt several of the destroyed churches and hospitals. The beautiful Norman porch of St. Margaret's, Walmgate, with its united arches, zodiacal signs, and hieroglyphic figures, was a part of the Norman monastery of St. Nicholas, built on the Hull Road. The wonderful structure of St. Mary's Abbey, noble in its ruins, and when in its glory the rival of the Minster itself, was founded by William Rufus. Cruciform in shape, with a triple nave, a fine chapter-house, an elegant choir, and extensive offices, this abbey was a fine specimen of the religious buildings of its time. It had affiliated houses in various parts of England, and its abbot was mitred and sat in Parliament. A fine Norman arch, the original entrance to the abbey, is still seen near the Marygate entrance to the museum grounds. Wickliffe, the reformer, was made a sub-deacon in St. Mary's Abbey at Pentecost, 1351. But for the care of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, dating from 1827, little of the ruins would have been left, as the stones were quarried for common purposes. St. Olave's Church, the castle, and Beverley Minster have been built or repaired with the stones of St. Mary's Abbey.

The old Manor House, or the Stuarts' Palace, where the Carolian and Jacobean kings lodged when at York, and still standing at the Bootham Bar end of the abbey grounds, was built of the materials of the abbey and its offices. The Governors of York lived here. Reresby, whose memoirs are such interesting reading, was in residence here at the time of the Revolution of 1688. St. Leonard's Hospital, also in the museum grounds, was rebuilt by the Normans. Under-

neath the theatre are also Norman arches, originally part of St. Peter's Church, out of the remains of which it was built. The third cathedral, built by Archbishop Thomas, formerly Canon of Bayeux, was in the Norman style. Six Norman columns are still seen in the crypt, and they are all that is left of the Norman Minster. Another architectural monument dates from the Norman

and lays them on the altar in token of his submission. Another Scotch king is married there at the ripe age of eleven. A treaty of peace is signed in the Chapter House. The kings of England are constantly here. Henrys, Edwards, and Richards set up their courts, recruit their armies, hold their revels, have poems made in their honour, receive gifts from the city, and grant it charters and



PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO THE CATHEDRAL.

period—the Castle. Clifford's Tower, named after one of the custodians in William the Conqueror's time, is a fragment of the castle built possibly on the remains of a Saxon fortress by William himself. Another one stood opposite, on the site of Baile Hill, still seen, to assist in protecting the river from the incursions of the Danes. The Baile Castle afterwards became the prison of the Archbishops of York.

From the Normans to the Tudors there is a succession of brilliant pictures, of national as well as of local events. Fiery Scots raid down to York, and archbishops summon the people to arms and go forth to meet the foe. A Scotch king despoils himself of his arms and armour in the Minster,

privileges. The precious Domesday Book is treasured for a time in the Minster. Edward III is married here to Queen Philippa of Hainault, the friend and patroness of Froissart, who dilates upon the feastings that followed; and Richard II removes hither his Courts of Chancery and King's Bench. Archbishop Scroope begins here his luckless rebellion, and is beheaded in a field between York and Bishopthorpe. On Micklegate Bar, crowned with paper, is stuck the head of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York. Richard of Gloucester enters from Bootham Bar with six hundred knights and squires clad in deep mourning when he hears of the death of Edward IV. After his coronation the same Richard enters the city again, this time

from Micklegate Bar; the streets are thronged with citizens, the houses hung with cloths of gold



THE FIDDLER OF YORK.

and tapestry, and plays and pageants fill the air with sounds "of revelry by night." The Parlia-

ments held in York were very numerous. Twelve were summoned here during the reigns of Edward II and III. At the one in 1318 were passed the famous Statutes of York. It is believed that most of these assemblies were held in the open space now called Parliament Street, under temporary buildings, no structure near the site being known to have existed capable of accommodating such gatherings. The Parliament of 1464, however, was held in the great hall of the Archbishop's Palace in the Minster Close, built by Archbishop Roger (1154-1181), and it is fair to assume that preceding Parliaments had also met there, or in the convenient Abbey of St. Mary's. The kings usually lodged in the Abbey of the Franciscans, on the left bank of the Ouse, between Ouse Bridge and the wall that ran from the castle. Very little remains but the name of this once spacious building. It is evident, however, that many of the older houses which were built about its site were indebted to its ruins for their materials. Peers and Commoners usually found lodging and entertainment in the other monastic buildings with which the city abounded, as well as in its flourishing inns.

IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The city of this busy period is a pleasant picture. It is surrounded by walls and moats. Soldiers fill its bars. Every incomer pays toll as he enters the city, in order to keep its defences in proper strength. The governor resides in the castle. The archbishops have three residences —one at Cawood, the second at Bishopthorpe, where Scroope was tried, and the third in the



ST. MARGARET'S PORCH, YORK.

Minster Close, built out of the materials of a former palace at Shireburn. A few insignificant ruins are all that remain of the great palace in the close. York Place, afterwards Whitehall, is their London residence. The Minster itself has been burnt, and has been slowly rising in greater magnificence than ever. Wondering eyes have been daily turned to its rising towers. Crowds of workmen have been busy about it, many of them foreigners. It is the Minster of to-day, but white and pure, and untouched by time. Passers-by speak with feeling of Walter le Grey, of William de Melton, of John de Thoresby. Some enter to see its costly shrines, to linger in the Chapter House, to gaze upon its relics, to pay special reverence to the head of Archbishop William, which royal devotees come to kiss. Thirteen years before the Battle of Bosworth Field the cathedral had been reconsecrated, after 244 years had been passed in its erection, as we see it now. Scattered about the city, and outside its walls, are magnificent abbeys and hospitals, with their beautiful gardens. The sky is pierced with the towers and spires of many churches. Several of them have lantern-towers, and every night lanterns are placed in them, as well as on the lantern-tower on the Minster, that travellers in "goodly Gautres," as Drayton afterwards called the forest near York, might find their way to the city.

The streets are unpaved and narrow; the dark-timbered houses overhang in their upper storeys. Lattice-work is used for windows, painted red when the occupier is a vintner or an innkeeper. Lordly mansions stand here and there in their own inclosures, loopholed for defence. They are the town houses of the neighbouring nobility, whose names are well known in the northern history of the period. Several of these quaint family mansions, refashioned by later residents, may still be seen in quiet by-streets, with an old-time look about them still, perhaps a patch or two of stone-work visible amidst brick, or patches of brick visible amongst stone.

Clustering in Market Street—then called Jewgate—and also towards Jewbury, where their burying-place was, are the mansions of the wealthy Jews, strong, handsome, castellated, the envy of hard-struggling merchants. Here lived Benedictus and Jocenus, types of Isaac of York in Scott's "Ivanhoe." They were introduced by the Normans. They lent money, they gave coin for bullion, they supplied even the newly-installed archbishops with ready cash. For the most part they were Venetians and Florentines. The Church forbade usury, but the bonds of the Jews were kept in the Minster. After the wife and family of Benedictus had been murdered by a mob, the Jews fled to the Castle, and in Clifford's Tower many of them were instructed by a foreign rabbi to slay themselves rather than perish at Christian hands. Their bonds were burned in the nave. More Jews were brought in to take their places, but by the middle of the thirteenth century the minor ecclesiastics of the Minster had begun to lend money. Archbishops were equally obliging, and money was coined at York Mint. The Guildhall of St. Christopher was built towards the end

of the period we are reviewing, and its painted windows, commemorating events in the history of York, are a feature worthy of imitation. But the council meetings of the city are held in the chamber on Ouse Bridge, also adorned by a chapel to St. William. The Ouse is crowded with quaint shipping—hoys from Flanders, Dutch galliots, French wine-brigs, lumbering barges. The staithes, or wharves, are a Babel of tongues. Running along the right bank of the river, looking towards the Baile, are the warehouses, or *keldars*, of Dutch merchants, surviving in the name of Skeldergate. They are stored with wool for France and Flanders, which will presently find its way back to our ports, dyed and coated for English lords and ladies. Fifty-nine craft-guilds exist in the city, each with its play for the Corpus Christi show. Hanse, Calais, and Bordeaux merchants have their houses here. Cowled monks, Dutchmen in their plain friezes and flat caps, citizens in tight hose and jerkins, women in mantles and lofty caps, soldiers in armour, with sword and pike, Jews in gaberdines, and countrymen in their blue clothes and red caps, mingle with us as we muse on Ouse Bridge and watch the busy scene.

TUDORS AND STUARTS.

Under the Tudors and the Stuarts the city undergoes many changes. Monasteries, abbeys, hospitals, and churches are dissolved. The monks depart, the people plunder the once sacred buildings, decay begins, houses are built out of churches, commerce shrinks, religious faction manifests itself, bonfires of Marys and rood screens are lit in the public streets, the trade guilds die out, and poverty settles down on the grand old city. More taverns and malt-houses make their appearance. The plague comes with its hot fatal breath. Crosses are erected for the country-folk to bring food to, a safe distance from the walls, with fountains of vinegar-and-water in which to place the money. The one still existing on the Fulford Road is a memorial of this sad time. Many parish priests die. The heads of rebellious Catholics are stuck on the city bars. Archbishops find it no easy task to keep pace with the times. James of Scotland passes through, and touches for the king's evil in the Minster. Charles I is frequently here; he lodges in the Manor House, sets up his royal press in the Minster Yard, holds a council of peers in the Deanery, and addresses the gentlemen freeholders, soldiers, and common people on Heworth Moor, outside Monk Bar, where, a little later, the Queen arrives from Bridlington Quay, and is met by the Lord Mayor and the citizens. Fairfax besieges the city for eighteen weeks, mining St. Mary's Tower in Bootham, sending shots through some church spires. The city surrenders. He respects its public buildings, establishes preachers in the Minster, and rules wisely and well. Again the scene changes. A new king with a new religion fills the gaols with Puritan merchants. The bloody Jeffreys holds his assize at York, and rails at his victims. James II gives place to William of Orange, amidst many rejoicings in the city, and

some plundering of Catholic chapels. Anne succeeds, and new houses spring up in the suburbs and the main streets, noticeable even now. In 1745 Archbishop Herring stirs up the citizens against the Pretender, and a regiment called "The York Blues" is formed. And so by degrees events bring us to the present time.

THE PRESENT DAY.

But York is still like a city of the middle ages, a "quaint old town of toil and traffic." Its walls remain about it, carefully preserved, bleached by age, if looking rather squat according to modern ideas. Its principal bars are existing still, with the spikes on which the heads of rebels, traitors, and religious victims have been impaled. One or two have yet their portcullis, some are battered with shot, and all are curious remnants of an age that otherwise lives in our books and our laws. About Bootham squatters' houses have been built, with the walls as their back, and there are red-tiled towers to make us fancy we are in some foreign town. The Cathedral is still the grandest of all its memories, reverenced by every Yorkshireman as if it were "a piece of nature's self." The Minster Library may not be the equal of Alcuin's in written treasures, but it possesses some marvellous books nevertheless, as a copy of Wickliffe's New Testament, with Queen Elizabeth's autograph on vellum; ms. copies of the Vulgate on vellum, dating from the thirteenth century; and a copy of the New Testament of Erasmus, printed on vellum at Basle, by Frobenius. The Guildhall and Clifford's Tower are worth seeing. The Merchants' Hall in Foss Gate, St. William's College, Bedern, the ruins in the museum grounds, and the various churches afford much that will interest the antiquary and the ecclesiologist. The visitor cannot ramble about without seeing much that is quaint and time-worn.

Of less ancient but still noteworthy importance are the Assembly Rooms and the Mansion House. They were designed by Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, the friend of Pope. "Who paints like Bathurst? or who builds like Boyle?" will at once occur to the cultivated reader. The Yorkshire Club, the Railway Station, the new Theatre front, and the Yorkshire Fine Art Institution building are also deserving of mention. Nor will the scientific fail to visit the Museum of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, with its many rare and beautiful specimens, its tapestry maps, its shells, fossils, birds, and geological collections. The care the citizens take of their old city shows that if they do not live on the past they are wise enough to preserve its memorials.

PERSONAL MEMORIALS.

York was always permeated with the literary spirit. In the time of Edward III there were so many text-writers that they formed an incorporation with bye-laws of their own. The printing-press found its way here thirty-six years after Caxton was said to have introduced it. Frederick Freez, a Dutchman, was the first "buke-prynter" in York. He was made a

freeman in 1497. Two of his sons were burnt on Knavesmire for heresy during the Marian persecutions. Precious works of the early York printers are to be seen in the Minster Library and in the British Museum. In the latter is a curious copy of one of Gaschett's Missals, with erasures where the names of popes and counterfeit saints once appeared. The numerous works of Calvert, one of the Minster preachers under Fairfax, a non-conforming divine, were printed in York. Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" was "printed for and sold by John Hinxman, bookseller, in Stonegate," in 1759. Sterne also published a satirical romance on the members of Sunton's Coffee House, which he describes as "by some mischance or other dropp'd in the Minster Yard, York." Walpole describes "at York a club of virtuosi composed of Dr. Martin Lister, John Lambert, Esq., Thomas Kirke, Esquire, Mr. Lodge, and Mr. Francis Place. Between the two last congenial artists was a strict friendship." Lister was a distinguished physician, a naturalist, and the translator of "Johannes Godartius of Insects;" Lambert was a painter; Lodge and Place were engravers. William Mason was a canon of York, and published in the city his Poems and his Life of Gray. His play of "Elfrida" was performed on the boards of York Theatre during his lifetime. Concerning the Life of Gray there is a curious note. Mason told Walpole that he was going to produce it during his residence in York, and the reply comes, "Though it will certainly be more convenient to you to have the Life printed under your own eye at York, I cannot but lament that my press is not to be honoured with it." Lindley Murray, who lived in the house in Holgate Road, wrote his Grammar under circumstances detailed in his memoir. He had undertaken to instruct some teachers in his own house, for he was a terrible invalid, and he read to them extracts which afterwards formed the appendix to his Grammar. His young friends wished him to write a Grammar. He complied with their request; "but," says Miss Frank, in her Life, "he had no expectation that it would be used except by the school for which it was designed, and two or three other schools, conducted by persons who were also his friends." Its fame was entirely unexpected. Murray published his books in York. Thomas Gent, the York bookseller, will always be remembered with respect by the learned.

The line of archbishops begins with Paulinus in 641, and includes in its ranks lord chancellors, courtiers, Italians, Normans, and natives of the city. There is no completed record of all their lives. The men of science connected with the city have been numerous. Dr. Wintringham was one of the first of our writers on gout, and his son, Sir Clifton, was physician to George III. John Goodricke, of York, was an extremely remarkable man; he was deaf and dumb, and yet a proficient in classics and mathematics. "He was the first astronomer who observed the periodical variations of the fixed stars." Dr. Whewell refers to him in his "Plurality of Worlds." Mr. Edward Pigott was another York astronomer, a friend of Goodricke's. "Our observatory," said Pigott, "is in Bootham, about four

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or five hundred yards north-west of the Minster." Of travellers the city can at least claim more than



BOOTHAM BAR.

the mythical mariner, Robinson Crusoe. George Sandys, son of the archbishop of that name, visited



MONK BAR.

Constantinople in 1610, and published an account of his travels five years later. Sir Thomas Herbert travelled into Asia early in the seventeenth century, and published a narrative of what he saw, in 1634. Thomas Gent published, "near the Star in Stonegate," in 1739, "A Voyage to Russia: describing the Laws, Manners, and Customs of that Great Empire, as govern'd at this present by that Excellent Princess the Czarina. Showing the beauty of her Palace, the grandeur of her Courtiers, the form of building at Petersburg, and other places: With several entertaining adventures that happened in the Passage by Sea and Land." It was from the pen of Mrs. Justice. The artists of York are not all unknown, though



MICKLEGATE BAR.

many will have left the quintessence of their lives in the architectural beauties of the Minster and the early English churches. William Etty's father was a baker of spice-bread in York. His tomb is visible in St. Olave's Churchyard, through an opening in the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey. Henry Giles, the glass painter, founded what may be called a school of glass-painting in the city, in the seventeenth century. "The Birth of Christ" in University College, Oxford, a window in Catherine Hall, Cambridge, and several other notable works, attest his skill. Price, his pupil, painted the six-compartment "Life of Christ" for Merton College, Oxford. Owing to the use of enamels instead of coloured glass, the windows of the Giles school look faded and dim beside later productions. Giles lived in Micklegate, in the house now occupied

by Mr. Browne, the dentist, and he has left behind him there a fantastic window in the form of a register of the births of his children. William Peckitt, another York glass-painter, executed the west window of Exeter Cathedral, the east window of Lincoln Minster, several windows at Oxford, the four windows of the transept in York Minster, etc.

Lovers of the sensational will examine the register of St. Michael-le-Belfry to see the baptismal entry of the notorious "Guy Faux," whose family lived in the suburbs. Admirers of human industry will not forget that Mathew Poole was the son of a lord mayor, and the author of the "Synopsis Criticorum," in five folio volumes. Fairfax left him the sum of ten pounds for "the carrying on" of his great work. Nor will the humanitarian wish to forget that it was in York, at the "Friends' Retreat," that the non-restraint system in mental disorders was first introduced; or that Howard, the philanthropist, when he visited the castle prison, declared it to be the best he had ever seen—an encomium more than justified even now. The Retreat, we ought to add, was suggested in 1792, was supported by Lindley Murray, and was opened in 1796. Moral treatment was tried with remarkable success. The early managers and physicians were of Cowper's opinion—

"All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil man,
Is evil."

Dr. Delarive, of Geneva, and Dr. Naudi, of Malta, both visited the establishment in its early days, attracted by the fame of its method and its cures. "At the Retreat," wrote a Scotch architect, Mr. W. Stark, after his visit, "they sometimes have patients brought to them, frantic, and

in irons, whom they at once release, and, by mild arguments and gentle arts, reduce almost immediately to obedience and orderly behaviour." The railway enterprise of the north owes much to Hudson, "the railway king," and to Mr. George Leeman, who still lives, both natives of the city. The name of the late Professor Phillips is associated with the Museum and the geological exploration of the county.

Fashionable persons will like to know that two, and even one, hundred years ago York had its "season," as London has now, and a gay and courtly one it was. Our lady readers will not feel less at home in the old city when they visit it if we inform them that several natives of York were members of Mrs. Montague's "Blue Stocking Club," in 1780. Admirers of Sydney Smith will hunt amongst the back streets that perchance they may discover the shop where he found his "ancient green chariot." "Each year," he wrote, "added to its charms; it grew younger and younger; a new wheel, a new spring. I christened it the *Immortal*." Lawyers will look on the knocker to the door of All Hallow's Pavement with great curiosity, for it is a relic of the old right of sanctuary to which fugitive criminals clung when the church was closed. Students of Shakespeare will be glad that his judgment as to Richard III is confirmed by a York schoolmaster, who was bound over to keep the peace in 1491, for having called Richard III "a crocheteback" and a "hypocrite." Even linguists in search of a new myth may see in "the Grecian Steps," by Ouse Bridge, formerly called the *greczes*, a flight of steps, the beginning of what may yet be a fine slave-romance or a picturesque martyrdom. In fact, York is rich with memories, a storehouse of antiquities, a quaint world of its own.

E. G.



WALMGATE BAR YORK.

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ASSASSINATION seems of late to have been playing a more than usually terrible part in the world's history. We have been hearing of an inquiry proceeding into what is alleged to have been the murder of the Sultan of Turkey. We have

scarcely yet done talking of the dreadful deed which brought to a close the troubled reign of Alexander II of Russia. Since that tragedy all civilised society has read with painful interest of the precautions which the present Emperor of Russia has thought it necessary to take against the pitiless foes who have threatened his life. Then again the whole civilised world has been stirred to indignation by the recent attempt on the life of the American President. And while we write all England is aghast at another illustration of what this murderous spirit is capable of in the discovery of ten "infernal machines" imported into Liverpool, and designed, it is to be feared, for that most diabolical of all methods of assassination—the explosion which scatters death and destruction without the smallest possible reference to even the presumption of offence on the part of the majority of its victims. There can be no doubt that the modern developments and discoveries of science have greatly lengthened and strengthened the arm of the assassin. When, some eight or ten centuries ago, Hassan-Ben-Sahib planted his order of "Assassins" in Persia, the dagger and the poison-cup were the only means which in a general way were open to him.

The records of history are full of direful deeds. Russia, among European nations, has won a bad pre-eminence in the murder of its sovereigns, though it is quite a new thing for the lower orders of the people to be plotting such business. Almost invariably it has been the work of those about the throne. Mr. Carr, in his "Northern Tour," gives a terribly graphic account of the death of the Emperor Paul, which may be taken as a fair representation of the many occurrences of the kind in Russia. We have here no "patriots" issuing proclamations in the name of the people, no public ferment, no excitement or disturbance of any kind outside the palace walls. Such affairs have usually originated in Russia, until recent times, merely in court intrigues for the attainment of place and power. At such a court there are, of course, never wanting some to whom the monarch has made himself disagreeable or dangerous, and a few such spirits were easily banded together for the perpetration of the murder.

The Emperor Paul seems to have been worried by some apprehension of mischief, and took a more

than usually affectionate farewell of his wife and children on the fatal night. He lay down as usual, in his regiments and boots—who would not be an emperor?—and his guards took up their posts before his chamber door. Silence at length reigned throughout the palace, except when it was disturbed by the pacing of the sentinels or, at a distance, by the murmurs of the Neva, and only a few lights distantly and irregularly gleamed through the windows of the dark colossal abode. In the dead of night eight or nine conspirators passed the drawbridge and made their way stealthily up the staircase to the emperor's chamber, where by this time the guards had been changed by the contrivance of the assassins—all but one faithful hussar, who had the distinction of always sleeping at the bedroom door of his imperial master in an ante-room. This man it was found impossible to remove by any fair means, and when the conspirators entered the ante-chamber he awoke, challenged them, and was immediately cut down. The noise of this proceeding roused the emperor, who sprang from his couch as the whole party rushed in.

The helpless monarch endeavoured to find shelter behind the tables and chairs, and then for a moment he recovered his self-possession and assumed a tone of authority. He told them they were his prisoners, and called upon them to surrender. The merciless ring closed around him, however, and the wretched emperor begged so piteously for his life that one of the conspirators relented, and for a moment seemed half inclined to side with the victim. He offered to relinquish the sceptre, and promised that he would give them estates and make them all princes, and then, finding all was vain, he plunged madly for the window, and attempted to break through it, fearfully gashing his hand in his struggles. He was dragged back from the window—which, however, was so high that he would inevitably have been killed had he gone through—and then he seized a chair and fought desperately with it. "We have passed the Rubicon!" exclaimed one of the conspirators; "if we spare his life, before the sitting of to-morrow's sun we shall be his victims!" Thus rallied, the murderers passed a sash round the neck of the struggling emperor, and in another minute or two all was over, and the conspirators dispersed quietly to their homes.

The most daring and comprehensive plot for assassination known to modern history undoubtedly was that in which "Guy Fawkes" was the prominent figure. That, as we all know, failed; but had Fawkes actually succeeded in firing his mine underneath the Houses of Parliament, it would possibly have been not much more destructive in its effects than Orsini's famous

NOTABLE ASSASSINATIONS.

bombs, which are said to have inflicted no less than five hundred wounds, many of them of fatal severity. The shells of these frightful little missiles were made in Birmingham, by a manufacturer to whom the purpose to which they were to be devoted appears to have been unknown. He had a model supplied to him, according to which he was to make six small iron cases of the shape of a pear, the larger end being made heavy, so as to fall foremost when the bomb was thrown from the hand. Each shell was to have on this larger end twenty-five nipples of a size to fit an ordinary percussion cap. These mysterious little receptacles having been supplied according to order, they were handed over to a Frenchman in London, to be filled with an explosive composition of the most violent character then known to science. The result, so far as the murderous discharge was concerned, was precisely what the conspirators had calculated on, but their intended victim escaped nevertheless. Orsini's attempt on the life of the Emperor Napoleon III was made on the 14th of January, 1858, when the monarch and his wife were to go to the opera. Orsini, Pierri, Gomez, and Rudio, armed with the frightful little magazines, placed themselves in a group on the route by which the imperial *cortège* was to sweep along to the opera house. Suddenly three terrific explosions were heard, and as the smoke cleared away the arch-conspirator Orsini was himself found to be among the wounded, but the emperor and empress passed on unhurt to the opera. The imperial carriage had been shattered, one of the horses killed, and two footmen, who had stood immediately behind the emperor, were wounded, but the intended victim was himself unscathed.

That was the third attempt by "infernal machines," as they were popularly called at the time, to assassinate a ruler in the streets of Paris, and in point of ingenuity and skill in the preparation of the explosive weapon it was considerably in advance of anything that had hitherto been attempted. The first instance of the kind was in December, 1800, and was directed against Napoleon Buonaparte when First Consul. He also was expected to be going to the opera, and preparations were made for his destruction in a very similar way, only that, instead of a convenient little bomb that could be easily concealed about the person, the engine of destruction was in this case a barrel of gunpowder in a cart drawn up by the side of the street. Two conspirators were stationed outside the Tuilleries, and they were to run and give warning to the third—St. Regent—who was in charge of the cart, the moment the consul's carriage appeared, so that he might fire the fusee and escape. Napoleon's coachman, however, seems to have outstripped the heralds, and the first intimation of the approach of the equipage that St. Regent received was its appearance a short distance off. The assassin immediately applied a light to the slow match and decamped; but he was obstructed in his flight by the cavalry forming the consul's advance guard, and was unable to get clear away before an awful explosion took place. The barrel containing the gunpowder was charged also with grape-shot, so packed as to scatter death and de-

struction in every direction. The stony-hearted wretch who fired the barrel had just before asked a young girl to hold his horse, knowing, of course, that in complying the poor child was dooming herself to destruction. It is said that nothing was ever after found of this young girl but her feet. St. Regent himself was wounded, with fifty-two others; twenty persons were killed, and the fronts of some forty houses completely wrecked. Napoleon himself escaped without a scratch. The slow match was not quite accurately timed. In giving his account of the occurrence, Napoleon said that he had had a busy day and had fallen asleep after dinner. It was only with difficulty that he was aroused and persuaded to go out, "and," he said, "I fell fast asleep again after I was in my carriage. At the moment when the explosion took place I was dreaming of the danger I had undergone some years before in crossing the Tagliamento at midnight by the light of torches during a flood." The explosion awoke him, and he instantly exclaimed to those who were with him, "We are blown up!" and the next moment, perceiving that something had occurred out of dreamland, he gave orders with great promptitude and presence of mind to drive on as fast as possible. It is said that Napoleon owed his life probably to the fact that his coachman was tipsy that night, and drove more than usually fast.

That may be said to be the commencement of the era of assassinations by "infernal machines." How it was subsequently improved upon we have shown, and how terribly effective such attempts may sometimes be we have only too recently had proof.

The fact that from amidst the fearful destruction of St. Regent's gunpowder barrel the intended victim had emerged uninjured, perhaps suggested to the next would-be assassin of a French ruler that greater precision was necessary, and he set his wits to work and produced something very like a *mitrailleuse*. This ingenious destroyer was Fieschi, who in 1835 took a front room on the first floor of a house in a thoroughfare of Paris through which Louis Philippe was in the habit of driving or riding occasionally. He determined to make quite sure of his victim, and immediately behind the blind of his window he erected a frightful machine, consisting of twenty-five gun-barrels spread out like the ribs of a fan. These were mounted on a stout frame, with their muzzles pointing down into the road below—not all just in a line, but some a little higher than others, so as to rake the entire width of the roadway, or at any rate as much of it as the king would be likely to cover as he passed along. The gun-barrels were charged with powder, and four balls were rammed into each, while the touch-holes were all connected by a train of powder. It only required a light to be applied to the train, and the five-and-twenty gun-barrels would pour down a murderous torrent of a hundred balls into the roadway beneath. It was the time of commemoration of the king's accession, and a festive procession came sweeping along the Boulevard du Temple, nobody dreaming of murderous plots, when Fieschi drew up his blind and belched down his shower of lead full on

the king—so it appeared, at least, for some forty persons fell dead or wounded all around him. The king's horse received a ball in the neck, and Louis himself was slightly grazed on the face by another, but beyond this he escaped injury, as he did on several other occasions when his assassination was attempted. Indeed, Louis almost seems to have borne a charmed life, and must, one would think, have grown accustomed to being shot at. There was Fieschi's attempt in 1835, Alibaud's in 1836; Damiens made another attack in 1840; and in 1846 there were two murderous assaults upon him, one by Lecomte and another by Henri.

One of the most brutal regicides on record was that of Gustavus III of Sweden, in 1792. Gustavus was a man of unquestionable ability and many kingly virtues, but his character was blemished by a love of ostentation, and he involved himself and his country in financial embarrassments which, whether in private or public life, are pretty sure to lead to mischief. He became unpopular; his nobles conspired against him, and it was resolved that he should die. Captain Ankarström begged to be permitted to carry out the sentence, but two others of the conspirators claimed the distinction of being the assassin of the king. The three therefore drew lots, and the lot fell upon Ankarström, who had not only been a bitter opponent of many of the political measures of Gustavus, but had at one time been imprisoned, and, as he considered, treated with great harshness under an accusation of treason, of which, however, he had been acquitted. He entertained, therefore, a very rancorous feeling towards the doomed monarch, who fell a victim to his hatred in the opera house that he had himself built, and where he was amusing himself in a *bal masque*. Ankarström shot the king with a pistol which he had loaded with broken shot. The consequence was a wound of a frightfully painful nature, and Gustavus died after a fortnight of the greatest anguish. Ankarström was publicly flogged three times, and then beheaded.

It is noticeable how often the theatre or the way to it has been the scene of assassination. It was in Ford's Theatre, it will be remembered by most of our readers, that Abraham Lincoln succumbed to the pistol of Booth. George III very narrowly escaped assassination in Drury Lane Theatre in May, 1800, having in the morning of the same day been fired at in Hyde Park. The attack upon him in the theatre was made by a man who stood up in the pit and, only a short distance from the royal box, fired a pistol at the king in full view of the whole audience. He was of course seized, and proved to be a lunatic. He was placed in confinement, where he remained until his death, more than forty years after.

Generally speaking, our own monarchs have been free from personal attack. Our present gracious Queen, as everybody knows, has been several times alarmed by the semblance of an assault upon her. There was Oxford's attack with a pistol, which was believed to have contained no shot, and more recently an insane youth presented himself by the Queen's carriage with a useless old weapon, of which he was quickly de-

prived. But from serious and sane attempts—if such attempts can ever be quite sane—at assassination England's sovereigns of modern times have been freer than almost any Continental rulers. The personal popularity of the kings and queens of England has had much to do with this, no doubt, but it is probably due in a still greater degree to our happier constitution. Even the craziest of politicians can perceive that no material effect on State matters would be produced by the murder of a king or queen who is not a personal ruler.

No doubt it is the personal rulership of Continental monarchs, or at any rate their more direct influence on politics, that has made them so often the mark for the assassin. The German Emperor has been three times attacked—by Oscar Becker in 1861, and more recently by Hüdel and Nobiling. His great Minister, Prince Bismarck, has not altogether been free from assault. Here in England it has more frequently been the responsible Ministers who have aroused the murderous rancour of enemies. The popular Lord Palmerston was once fired at and wounded. Sir Robert Peel's life was on one occasion preserved only by the sacrifice of another who was mistaken for him, and Spencer Percival fell a victim to the revengeful fury of Bellingham in the lobby of the House of Commons. Bellingham, it will be remembered, had a grievance against the Russian Government which he thought the Secretary of State ought to have espoused, and, to the profound grief and exasperation of all England, he met the popular minister in the lobby and shot him, and was hanged for it within a few days, though some thought he must have been insane. Such was the popular excitement, however, that there seems to have been very little disposition abroad to make any inquiry into this question.

This was mercy itself, however, compared with the treatment that Bellingham would certainly have received at other times and in other countries. The miserable fanatic Ravaillac, who mortally stabbed Henry IV of France at the instigation of the Jesuits it was believed, underwent the most frightful tortures; and just the same ordeal was awarded to Damiens a century and a half later by the peers of France for his attempt to assassinate Louis XV. Belthazar Gerard, who murdered William the Silent at Delft, in Holland, in 1584, was another who underwent terrible punishment. He was a young Spaniard, and it is said that Philip II of Spain instigated him to the murder. He promised to make this unhappy youth—so it has been affirmed by respectable authorities—a Spanish count, to give him a fine estate, and to confer upon him the order of St. Jago, if he would only take the life of this great foe to the Church of Rome. Gerard accordingly obtained a situation in the household of the Dutch monarch and awaited his opportunity. He concealed himself on the staircase of the palace, and when William passed he rushed out and stabbed him mortally. He of course fled for his life, but was taken before he had quite cleared the town. He was dragged to prison, and the people expended their despair upon his miserable carcass, torturing him with every form of painful punishment they could think

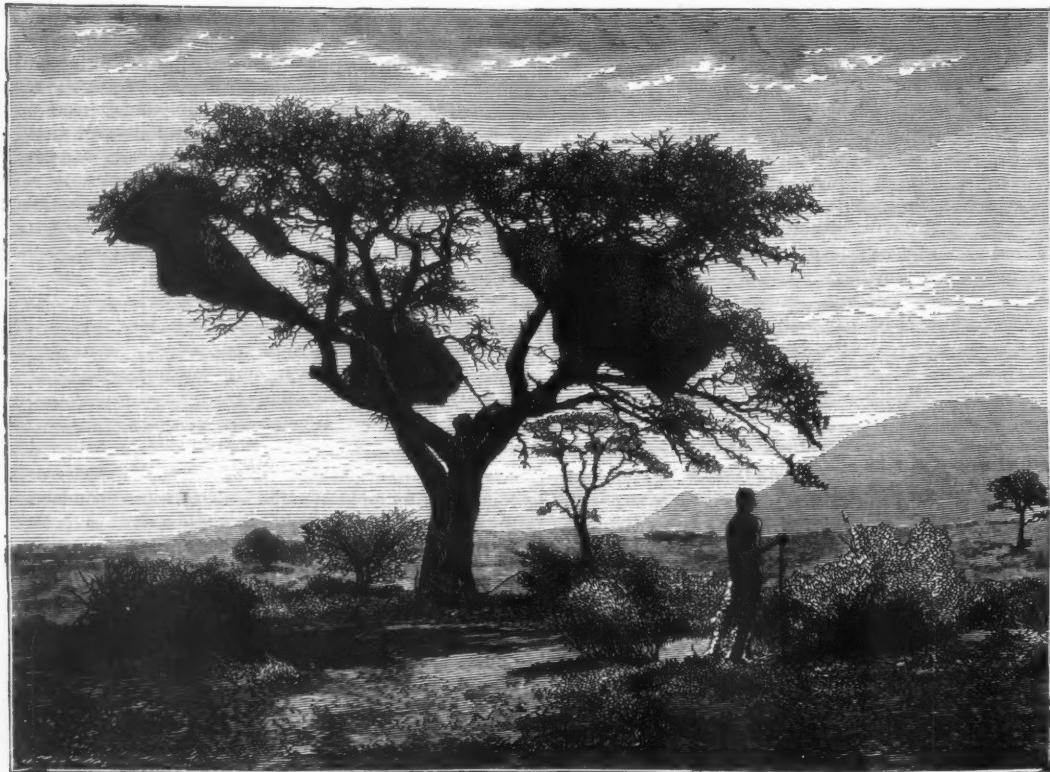
of. He defied their fierce ingenuity, and told them that he would soon be a saint in heaven and would have the first place on the right hand of God. They left him for a night in his pain. In the morning they wrenched him on the rack; they plucked his flesh from him with red-hot pincers; they tortured him to death by inches of unspeakable agony.

We have confined our recollections to modern times, and to a few of the incidents most celebrated among European nations. In Eastern lands, where despotic government prevails, assassination has been far more common. We have no space to refer to the many memorable events of the same kind which darken the pages of ancient history. A huge volume would not contain the records of the violent deaths of kings and rulers and others in high places. Some of them, such as that of Julius Cæsar, are among the events familiar in every land, through poetry and art as well as history.

In studying this subject there is far more to interest us than the love of what is sensational. A philosophical writer would distinguish between assassinations the result of personal hatred and revenge, or of family intrigue and party plotting. Other instances would be ascribed to political motives, rising at times, as in the old Roman republicans, to a lofty love of liberty. It is curious to observe how some famous assassinations awaken boyish enthusiasm in first reading the classics of ancient Greece and Rome, which are yet not different in motive from what are denounced as base crimes in modern times. Even in regard to less remote periods, there have been apologies for regicide, and arguments to prove "killing no murderer." It is important also to note how rarely assassinations achieve their end. To a separate catalogue would be relegated the most atrocious of all murders, those perpetrated under the mask of religion, and for the professed advancement of the cause of truth, peace, and love.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

SOME SOUTH AFRICAN BIRDS' NESTS.



NESTS OF THE WEAVER-BIRD.

From a Photograph.

THE engraving which precedes these notes is from a photograph taken some distance north of the Diamond Fields in South Africa. The

original photograph was in the possession of the late Professor Tennant, and having examined it with a powerful lens, I could distinctly trace the

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construction of the birds' nests and the interweaving of the different strands of grass in the heavy mass above the part inhabited.

The good old missionary, Campbell, in his journeys to Latakoo in the early part of this century, observed two remarkable nests, one was about four yards in circumference, the other three, each being about a yard in depth; they were built of strong coarse grass by, he says, "a small bird resembling our goldfinch." One of these nests had seventeen holes in the bottom by which the birds entered; the other had seven; but they contained many birds, for at one time he saw about one hundred come out of them. A horned owl had taken possession of the roof of one of these towns of birds—had built his nest on the very top of the neatly-thatched part, and was sitting up there in state. Campbell says he could not examine the interior of the nest without destroying it, "which," the tender-hearted old missionary adds, "would have been a cruel operation, wherefore I left it in the state in which I found it, contented with making a drawing of the tree and the two nests."

Another of these large nests is described as about the size of a hogshead, composed of strong, coarse grass, regularly thatched, the ends of the grass pointing downwards, so that no rain could enter; it had eight holes in the bottom for admitting the birds, each leading to a separate apartment. All were lined with the soft downy heads of a particular species of grass well suited for the purpose. On dividing the nest across, the large mass above was found to be a solid body of straw.

Le Vaillant, another traveller, found a still more remarkable nest of the same structure, which contained three hundred and twenty inhabited cells.

Bruce found some even larger, for in speaking of the camelthorn mimosa (*Acacia Detinens*) he says: "This tree serves in Damaraland as an asylum for a species of loxia, or weaver-bird; the smoothness of the bark preventing the snakes and other reptiles that infest this country from climbing the tree in order to devour the birds' eggs, the immense size of the tree also affording such good accommodation for these singular colonies of birds." He made a drawing of one that contained at the least eight or nine hundred birds, and one could literally say that this multitude lodged under the same roof, for the upper part of the nest resembled the roof of a house covered with thatch.

Anderdon, the naturalist, in "Birds of Damaraland," under the head of "*Fringillidae*," including in this the family of the *Ploceidae*, of some authors, gives similar accounts of the social weaver-birds, which he says are known to the natives by the name of "Isaba Gushoa." The nests are never found south of the Orange River. The great camelthorn, or giraffe acacias, as they are sometimes called, unfortunately wither when taken possession of by a colony of these birds, and so lose much of their distinctive beauty.

Another curiously large nest often met with on the banks of the South African streams is that of

a wading-bird, locally called the hammerkop, or hammerhead, a shy bird of the stork tribe, fond of solitude. I have watched one standing motion-



THE WEAVER-BIRD.

less upon a rock in the middle of a shallow pool in the otherwise dry river-bed, and there, in the shadow of the overhanging precipice, he would no doubt remain hour after hour, looking as though he were deeply absorbed in the study of the wonderful amount of insect life with which that pool abounded. When he and his mate have occasion to build a nest, they choose a site not far from the water's edge, and among the branches of some shrubby mimosa first lay a flooring of rough twigs; then a beautiful chamber is built lined with the silky fibre of the wild cotton pods, found plentifully in their solitary haunt, the walls of the chamber being high enough to be roofed over by more twigs; and then comes the curious part of this builder's work—he never seems as if he knew when to stop bringing on twigs; he piles them on and on, by tens and by fifties, until his habitation assumes the dimensions of a bushman's hut, and the shrub, sturdy though it may be, will hold no more.

But I think one of the most curious and exquisitely-made nests that I ever saw in South Africa was that of a very small bird called by the Boers *kappock vogel* (Frost-bird). Why so called I do not know, unless it is on account of the whiteness of the nest, which literally does look like a snowball when divested of the few dried leaves and bits of lichen that adhere to the outside. The nest itself is made of wool, closely and finely felted together, shaped much like the nest of the oriole, with a passage so delicately woven as to compare in texture with the cocoon of the silkworm, while the whole is like beautiful fine white felt, very thick just under where the hen sits, and thinner where thickness is not required, just outside the passage, as if the birds had found their woollen

house too warm for two in that sunny climate. A small gallery is erected, in which the cock bird ensconces himself to watch that no intruder molests his little mate while at her maternal duties, and from which he cheers her with his chirruping conversation. I have been assured by the Karroo farmers that the nest of the *kappock vogel* was originally made of the silky fibre of the wild cotton plant before mentioned, but that the birds adopted the use of the wool almost immediately after the introduction of the Merino sheep into the Karroo country. It will be curious to observe whether, now that the sheep are being given up for ostriches, they will return to the cotton plant, or take to gathering up the stray fluff of ostrich feathers.

C. J. Anderson gives an account in his "Lake N'Gami," of what is evidently the same nest, and fully verifies the account given to me by the Karroo farmers of the substitution of wool for the silky hair of the wild cotton plant. Mr. Anderson says: "We also made acquaintance with a small, sparrow-looking bird, the *Amadina Squamifera*, which deserves notice on account of its peculiar and interesting nest. According to Dr. Andrew Smith, this is placed on a small shrub, and is constructed of grass. But in Damaraland and parts adjacent the materials are of a beautifully soft texture, not unlike sheep's wool. I never could discover the plant from which it was procured. The Hottentots use it as a substitute for gun-wadding, and it is by no means a bad makeshift. The nest is so strongly put together, that one has difficulty in separating it. When the old bird absents itself it effectually conceals the opening of the nest from view. Even long after I was acquainted with this peculiarity I was puzzled to find it out. Just outside the entrance is a small hollow, which has no communication with the interior of the nest, but which by the uninitiated is often mistaken for it. In this tube the male bird sits at night."

H.

FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN BIRDS.

A handsome pair of Guinea-fowl was sent to us at one time, the first of their kind that had ever been seen in our northern isle—in Shetland. We strove to tame and pet them, but perhaps the horrors of the voyage had frightened the shy creatures, for they crept away into the shrubbery, and, taking up their abode there, declined all friendly overtures. Our father took great interest in them, but rather encouraged their desire to return to a state of nature, therefore all efforts to tame them were given up. Unless when compelled by hunger to approach the house or farm-yard, they eschewed both.

They had been in our possession for, I think, two years, when a very severe spring compelled the Guinea-fowl to seek for food among the other poultry. They stealthily approached the farm-steading, and were readily permitted by the autocrat of that place, a gamecock, to pick up grain with the other fowls.

One morning terrible news reached the parlour.

The mangled remains of the Guinea-cock had been found in the farther end of the barnyard. Our father examined the corpse carefully. It had been struck on the head by the sharp talon of some bird of prey. Then it had been grasped by beak and claws, but for some unknown reason had not been carried off. A magnificent erne had been observed hovering about for some days, and the result of the post-mortem examination was a verdict of wilful murder against the rapacious eagle. Fearing that the hen had also fallen a victim to the sea-robber, search was made in all her usual haunts, but she was nowhere to be found, and, more extraordinary still, Dickhalyer (our beautiful gamecock) had also vanished. Full of consternation lest his favourite had come to an untimely end, our father went in search of him, calling Dickhalyer by a peculiar chuckle, known only to themselves. In response to that call Dickhalyer stepped out from behind a haystack, which stood not far from the spot where the Guinea-cock had been found. He bore some marks of a fray, and his manner had lost much of its stately dignity. Cowering close by his side was the Guinea-hen. She looked scared to a degree, and crept under the shelter of Dickhalyer's plumes as he stalked up to his friend and master and told the story. When the Guinea-cock was attacked by the erne Dickhalyer had flown to the rescue, as he had been known to do on more than one occasion when birds of prey had presumed to molest his territory. He had succeeded in scaring the erne from its victim, but had received some slight wounds. The poor widow had been a witness of all, and had flown to the gallant champion for protection. And from that day she never left his side, although it was often a trial to her to overcome timidity when the bold, confiding Dick approached some friendly house.

For a time it was evident that Dickhalyer rather endured her companionship than cared for it. Indeed, he seemed inclined to resent the toadying and persistent friendship of the widow, but after a little her submission, her adoration of himself, her meek, unobtrusive acceptance of whatever crumbs of kindness he chose to extend to her, found a way to the gamecock's heart, and his manner towards her softened into such courtesy and considerate attention as brave men always show towards forlorn women robbed of their natural defenders. The hens looked unutterable things, and ducks gossiped aside, when their despot stalked across the yard, followed by his timid little friend. But Dickhalyer would not permit any one of them to ill-treat the poor thing, and very soon the platonic friendship existing between the two became a recognised and respected relationship. For years that beautiful and unusual bond continued unbroken, until, in fact, the death of the cock.

Lamentable cries were heard proceeding from the Guinea-hen, and when the cause was sought her protector was found—dead! The torn state of his plumage indicated that he had fallen in combat. Whether his unknown foe was an erne, or peregrine, or raven, none could tell; but we knew that he had certainly died "game"—perhaps in defence

of his helpless friend. Not far from where he lay she was cowering upon the ground in an abject state of terror and grief. For several days she wandered, disconsolately wailing, "Come back! come back!" She would take no food, and soon died of a broken heart.

J. M. E. S.

MY PERSIAN CAT.

Dr. Gordon Stables writes:—"I had two white Persian kittens given me by a lady; we called them Pretty Fay and the Blue-eyed Ju. Fay was very deaf, and one of the Newfoundlands killed her one night while she was studying the moon. Her brother Ju (Jujube) had all his wits about him, and grew up to be a great strong, wiry fellow. He was wiry in more ways than one, for wanderer that he was, he often came home with part of a keeper's rabbit-gin around his neck. No gin could hold Ju. But in due time Ju took unto himself a wife, a neighbour's cat. Said neighbour was thoughtless enough to always keep her cat out of doors. Even Ju must have thought this cruel, for when the time drew nigh for Pussy to have her kittens he took her home to my grounds, and made a nest for her of dry leaves between two hedges. The kittens were twelve days old before I discovered this, meanwhile the chickens of Mrs. G—, his wife's owner, were fast disappearing. Where were they going? Ju was carrying them one by one to his wife. This I proved, and he stole nineteen altogether. But it is somewhat curious that Ju should have gone to Mrs. G.'s for chickens, because there were plenty nearer home."

A WISE AND KIND DOG.

M. Doyen, the painter of the magnificent picture of St. Geneviève des Ardens, which may be seen in the church of St. Roch, in Paris, had been commissioned by the Duke of Choiseul to paint a part of the Cupola des Invalides. One day Doyen, wishing to judge of the effect of a figure he had just sketched, stepped back unconsciously, and, seeking the most favourable point of view, arrived at the extremity of the scaffold. The slight railing gave way and Doyen disappeared. Fortunately he was not killed, but one of his sides was very much bruised. Everybody immediately bestowed on him the attention that he deserved. The physicians and surgeons of the establishment hurried around him and restored him to his fellow-workmen and to his friends. He was conveyed to the Invalides; an under officer, his neighbour, came often to keep him company, and to offer him his services. This officer had a dog called Azor, well trained and very lively. By his gambols and his caresses he often made the sick artist forget his pains. One day the dog disappeared. His master and Doyen were very much concerned about it. He did not return till five or six days afterwards, and then with a broken leg. Doyen engaged the surgeon who visited him to attend to the injury of the dog, which the surgeon willingly undertook, and cured him.

After some days Azor was again absent, but he returned to the establishment shortly after. He ran straight to Doyen's apartment, fawned and caressed him, and then proceeding towards the door, returned to him, renewed his caresses, yelped, barked, uttered plaintive cries, and continued his going and coming towards the door. M. Doyen naturally wanted to know the cause of these emotions and caresses; he rose, proceeded to open the door, and perceived a dog that had a leg broken. Azor increased his caresses and barking. M. Doyen then perceived what was wanted. He made the dog enter, called the surgeon, related the circumstances, and entreated him to attend to the poor animal. The surgeon, out of regard for M. Doyen, undertook the cure. "I am quite willing," said he, "but this must be the last; for if you knew as I do the nature and instinct of this race of animals, you would know that this dog is capable of bringing to this place all the lame dogs to be found in Paris."

M. Doyen delighted to relate this story. He did it with a peculiar pleasure, and would accompany it with some remarks on the unconcern of many men in the presence of the sufferings of their fellows, which is rebuked by the intelligent and kind sympathy of the good dog Azor.

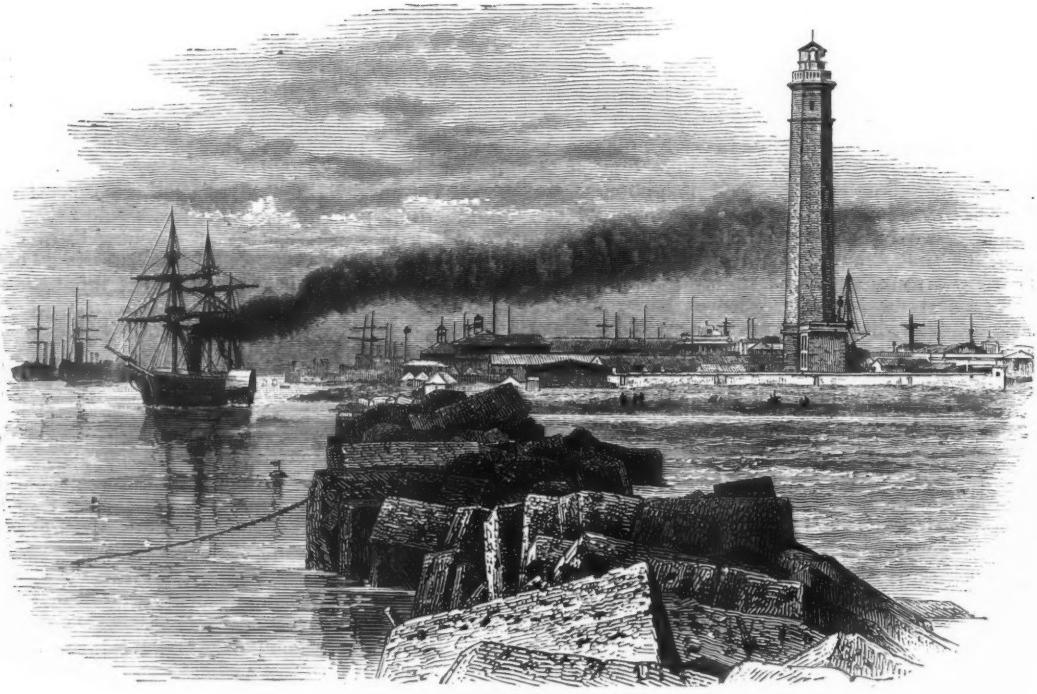
CAT AND DOG LIFE.

The relation of cat to dog is proverbially one of antipathy if not of perpetual warfare. But the following fact in animal life is interesting as showing that one touch of nature may bring even cat and dog into sympathy. The incident is related to us by a lady, who was living a few years ago near Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. While there she had a small female terrier and a fine cat, who happened on one occasion to have each a family at the same time. The pups were all drowned, but the kittens were spared. The poor terrier was very disconsolate for a day or two, but at last she carried one of the kittens away from the nest, and suckled and fondled it as if it had been her own pup. When the cat found out where her kitten was, she went and carried it back to her little family circle. For some days it was a question of who should possess the little kitten; but about a week after the terrier showed her teeth to the cat, and asserted her supremacy in such a style that she was left in undisputed possession. And so the kitten and the terrier lived together, played and raced together in their gambols, and as Kitty grew she went with the terrier on her poaching expeditions among the rabbits. The dog used to go outside the kitchen window and give a peculiar bark, and instantly, out at the door or window, the cat was off along with it. By-and-by the dog had pups again, which were not drowned, and as long as Mrs. Terrier was nursing them her nursling the kitten went hunting for rabbits herself, and was sure to bring one and lay it down beside her foster-mother and the pups. This was continued for weeks, and then an accident terminated this romantic episode in the social life of dogs and cats.

PAST AND PRESENT IN THE EAST.

THE REV. PREBENDARY HARRY JONES, M.A.

IX.



FORT SAID.

Port Said, May 1, 1880.

I am stopping here on my way back to London from Palestine, and use the pause to set down something about the last days of my tour before I sailed from Beyrouth. Let me first notice how far, in fact, the little country I have just left is from England. It takes, ordinarily, much the same time to get from Jerusalem to London as it does from San Francisco—*i.e.*, about fourteen days; and if the traveller goes straight to the sea from Jerusalem, it is possible that he may find weather too bad for the boats to pick up passengers, and thus really be still longer on his way to England.

I have come by an Austrian Lloyd's boat. It is roomy and clean, the table and service being also good. But our procedure is provokingly deliberate. Leaving Beyrouth at about 10 p.m. on Wednesday—the hour of departure was stated to be four—we spent the night in getting to Jaffa, where we stayed twelve hours, taking on board a prodigious

quantity of oranges. Boatsfull after boatsfull came plunging out to us. All the boatmen and boys ate oranges all day long. The air smelt of them, and the sea was speckled with their peel. At last we got off, to spend thirty-six hours in the jaws of the Suez Canal, just off this mushroom town of shops and coal stores. The steamer was of course besieged by a fringe of excited boatmen, who fought for the chance of sixpence for taking passengers ashore. Many thus killed part of a tedious day, wandering about on the shady sides of some very hot, straight streets. Port Said is about the last-born child of old Egypt, and is full of pickles, white helmets, potted meats, umbrellas, and all the miscellaneous goods sold by "ship-chandlers," with a liberal sprinkling of drinking places. Here, as at Suez, travellers to half the world may buy the trifles forgotten on leaving Europe, or, returning, taste the first sips of Western convenience.

Mentioning sixpences, as I did just now, I might remark that English money is the best to take to the East—at any rate, to Egypt and the Desert. The Bedouin profoundly believe in British gold. We thus paid our tattered escort. But they are very sharp about any coins. Once, after paying them with sovereigns, which they counted over as they were put into the Sheyk's hand with the greediest and keenest eyes, the three first hours of our next march were disturbed by an exceptionally loud quarrel, in which every one seemed to take part at the top of his voice. At last I asked our dragoman what the matter was. "Master," said he, "they have got a penny, which they can't divide." I then inquired what each would do with his share of the gold, and the answer was that he would bury it somewhere in the sand till it was wanted. An English sovereign has a special charm for the Bedouin of the desert. But at Jerusalem the commonest currency was Russian, in pieces of twenty kopecks, which make half a franc.

I must return, however, to the immediate subject of my letter.

In my last I said we had encamped on the beach just short of Phoenicia proper. Here, indeed, we spent a Sunday, which was not only a grateful respite for man and beast, but a protection from the storm. It was our one thoroughly wet day. The rain descended and the winds blew, but our tents, though they shivered, stood well, and we thus specially enjoyed our determination to rest on the Sunday. Other considerations apart, it is generally bad economy to travel then. The beast and attendants obviously go on afresh after the pause. Of course, in the desert it is mostly impossible to stop. Perhaps you are a couple of marches from water, and the caravan must move on. But, as a rule, the journey thrives all the better for the day of rest.

Phoenicia is barred off from Palestine by one of the spurs of the Lebanon which runs down into the sea, and is there broken off short—a white cliff which descends into the water marking the fracture. Climbing over this, we entered the little strip of land which slopes from the hills to the beach, and was the most notable cradle of commerce, containing "Tyre and Sidon," through the coasts of which we had a wonderfully interesting ride. Our horses' feet were often washed by the waves upon the shore. Talking of waves, I have to be thankful for a narrow escape from being swept out into the sea. We had, of course, to ford the divers rivers which flow down from the hill-country, and which had been somewhat swollen by rain in the mountains. One looked very ugly—the Leontes, a broad, sand-laden stream, running with force, and carrying out a long line of yellow water into the Mediterranean. Dr. Hoge, my excellent American fellow-traveller, and I made an attempt to ford it after we had stopped for some time on the bank, and looked about for the least unlikely spot. He was about a couple of yards in advance of me, when, not liking the look of things, I drew rein. That moment he plunged into what we had reason to believe afterwards was a channel in the sand some twelve feet deep at least, and

for a few seconds—it seemed much longer—the picture presented itself to me of his being carried out with a rush into the sea. No horse could have swum in such a torrent. Being an experienced rider, and not losing his presence of mind, he at once turned his animal's head up stream, and, with a desperate struggle, it got its fore feet on the edge of the bank, which was hidden under the yellow water, and drew itself out. It could not touch ground with its hind legs. I had some cumbersome saddle-bags, etc., on my horse, besides not being what he is, a "light weight." If I had happened to go another two yards this letter would not have been written. We traced the river up till we found a bridge. The next stream was "nasty," but we got through all right. The Kishon, which we had crossed early on the ride from Carmel, was not flooded, but above its mouth the torrent-channelled marsh, in which was a herd of buffaloes, indicated plainly enough how, after heavy rain, it could sweep men and horses utterly away.

To return to the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. There was something specially and antiquely—I don't know what word to use, but will say—"weird" in the nameless ruins and relics of ruins which we passed. One could imagine how the whole coast was fringed with cities and palaces looking out over the sea, along the side of which we occasionally struck upon the foundations of an ancient stone road. The slopes of the hills on our right were streaked with the remains of terraces and hanging gardens, showing how every inch of the soil had once been carefully cultivated. Many a fine Phoenician country house had stood there among its vineyards and oliveyards. Every inch of ground was once utilised, and seemingly studded with villages and buildings. Even the present fields were spotted with fragments of marble columns, etc., and the stones around us continually showed marks of the tool. One felt that the view of many parts of this "coast" from the sea must have presented a continuous succession of grand structures, from the long sweep of which Tyre and Sidon stood out among the waves in all their ancient grandeur. They even now present an appearance which may be called "imposing," from a little distance; and while we were there, some thirty vessels, mostly two-masted schooners, lay at anchor in the harbour of Tyre. The trade of it, however, has dwindled into something very small. Fishermen, many of whose nets were spread to dry upon the ruins of the place, were busy in the water, chiefly with common casting-nets, which they carried on their arms ready to throw at any shoal of fish they could discern in the clear waves which washed them to the middle. But the chief business of the place seemed to be in millstones prepared there. Once these masons helped to cut the blocks which made the foundation of the Temple at Jerusalem.

Decayed though it be, I could not help being struck with the reserve of life still to be seen in Tyre. True, the sea broke over heaps of ruined columns standing in its surf, but the people were singularly "alive."

We pitched our camp at the extremity of the

peninsula of the city, approached by the mole which Alexander made in order to take it, and a few yards from our tents we looked over the outermost seaward wreck of this ancient place. I could not set my impressions anywise in order on finding myself at "Tyre." It is apparently out of the usual course of tourists in these parts, who mostly confine themselves to Palestine, for the moment we had got off our horses we were surrounded by a gazing, chattering group of curious inhabitants. Swarms of children, and elders too, ranged themselves in a circle about us, and stared with unflinching eyes. And a handsome, loose-limbed, broad-shouldered, swarthy race they were. The faces of some of the children were remarkably fine. They were unlike any we had seen, the present Oriental phase of feature being touched by a dash of daring freedom in their looks, as if their ancient vigour had been too strong for its traces to have died out even after all these years, and the repeated periods of assault and ruin which Tyre has gone through. A spice of freedom seemed to sever the spot from the crushed and hopeless look of many other Syrian places. And yet—as I have said—they were surrounded with disastrously jumbled relics. However, the grandest of the Crusaders' churches still shows some of its walls and columns here. The present houses in the city are built of ruins. What might not be discovered by judicious digging here! These shapeless heaps surely cover some rare stores of Phœnician art, and the mole hurriedly made by Alexander's troops, out of the materials of the old Tyre which they had just taken, in order to reach the island, must be rich in architectural relics. This "causeway," originally much narrower, when built of the stones and timbers of that part of the city which stood on the shore, is now some half a mile wide. The sand has drifted on it heavily, and kept its treasures, as in a safe.

Great parts of the once crowded peninsula are bare, and yet, as I have said, the look of the people somehow seemed to assure one of latent vigour in Tyre. In one respect, however, it presents a remarkable and significant contrast to Sidon. Sidon, like its sister city thrust out into the sea, is yet more full of life. And, to a marked extent, it is *Christian* life. At Tyre, the free-spoken, wild-eyed brats were fiercely importunate for "backsheesh." They ran after us with its shout as we rode away. But at Sidon not a single request was made to us for what we had come to consider an inevitable Oriental demand. I had no sooner got off my horse in the cemetery, where we found our tents pitched in advance, than a smiling young man, in Eastern dress, came up and said to me in English, "I am glad to see you, sir. I am one of the teachers in the school here, and these are some of the boys in my first class," bringing up two or three bright-looking lads. He belonged to a branch of the American Presbyterian establishment, which is doing most excellent work at Beyrouth. We visited his school later on, as well as another of girls who were all assembled—the boys had dispersed. These girls were busy preparing what might be called their "home lessons," and were learning by heart a portion out of

the Acts of the Apostles. I forgot the passage, but they were then nearly perfect in their task, and repeated some verses to us, of course in Arabic. Dr. Hoge tested them in the Psalms, through their teacher, but they caught the first words in a moment, and gave out in chorus the remainder of the portions he had chosen.

The most remarkable feature of the Christian work going on here seemed, however, to be in the air of the place. Christianity had obviously shed its influence beyond the walls of the schools and the circle of the scholars. As I have remarked—and it was most remarkable—there was not a single cry for "backsheesh," but rather a tone of Western civility about the people. The streets, too, were cleaner than any we had seen in an Oriental city. And yet there were Oriental tokens enough within it. The hour of prayer was being called from divers minarets. I did not, however, see even a solitary worshipper respond to the summons. The cry came audibly enough, but no one heeded it as we walked about the town with our Christian guide.

Moreover, wonder of wonders, numbers of workpeople were busy in the making of a new *broad stone road*, which is to run along the coast. I should not be surprised if, before long, Sidon had its shore railway, or at least its track of trams. It showed a marvellous contrast to the cities of Palestine. The people, in short, seemed radically touched with a spirit of enterprise and progress. True, the "navvies" on the new road were, many of them, women and children, and the men among them showed signs of the Oriental, deliberate, cigarette-smoking procedure of the Eastern workman: but the business was going on, and a "road," which promised when finished to become a really good and level one, was in genuine progress. Sidon was an unexpected revelation to us.

The ride from it to Beyrouth is, nevertheless, grievously bad. We came again on the vilest stone tracks that a horse ever could be expected to traverse, and then emerged near the shore on a course of deep red sand, in which my poor pony must have wished himself to be a camel. Hour after hour he ploughed through it, but bravely finished with a vigorous "neigh" and a canter when—so it seemed—he knew that he was drawing near the end of his day's toil. It was, indeed, toil, and I never pitied a horse more as under a broiling sun he sank into sand far worse than a "heavy" ploughed field.

Beyrouth is the most flourishing city in Syria. Its numerous English day-schools for Mohammedan children, and its distinguished American Presbyterian educational institutions, make it a wonderfully promising centre of Christian influence. We seemed to have left "Palestine" far behind us, with its ground-down social look, its wretched hovels, its neglected opportunities for the cultivation of the soil, of which its wide breadths of blooming wild flowers were a picturesque but yet significant sign. Here, at Beyrouth, were smart carriages with ladies and gentlemen driving about, a broad diligence road leading to Damascus, thriving shops, and numerous buildings in pro-

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gress. Palestine was far away. Europe touched Asia. Steamers waited off the city. Waiters at the hotel ran about with trays, and when our "camp" arrived after us—with its tents, "canteen," its queer portable stove, in which our meals had so long been cooked under the sky, battered luggage, sun-brown attendants, and mules with their bell-hung trappings—and unloaded itself before the European-dressed landlord, one felt forcibly that the tour was over. Far, far behind lay the recollection of the desert, its long parched marches, its train of dromedaries and Bedouin. Europe lay at

anchor in the roadstead, and touched the Syrian shore. The tent life died away. Turbans and bernouses began to fade. People were seen in patent boots, tall hats, and cloth coats. It was all over. Charing Cross seemed to suggest itself beyond the sea-line, and, though in some respects I was sorry for it, I did not regret, as perhaps I should, that "circumstances" prevented my making fresh arrangements, and going on to Damascus.

I must therefore now say farewell to those who have anywise cared to accompany me in Egypt, the Desert, and Palestine.

ABDERAHMAN'S SLIPPERS.

A TALE TOLD IN A COBBLER'S STALL.



HERE was once in Bagdad a man called Abderahman, who, during seven years, had always worn the same pair of slippers. Whenever one part of them got shabby, or fell into holes, he stuck on a new piece, so that by constant patching they became very heavy. When comparisons were made people jokingly remarked, "Why, this is as heavy as Abderahman's slippers!"

One day, when Abderahman found himself in the Glass Bazaar, a broker came up, and thus addressed him, "Friend, a merchant from Aleppo has just arrived with an assortment of gilt glasses, which have not, as yet, been seen. He wishes to dispose of them; I advise you to purchase—you can get them for less than I could; I will then buy back of you, however many you take, and thus you will gain more than you will have given for them." Abderahman followed his advice and bought glasses to the value of sixty sequins.

As he came along the market of the Perfumers, another broker came up and said, "A merchant from Nisib has journeyed here with some excellent rose-water; he must return immediately, so you can advantageously make an investment at a very low price. I will buy of you to the same amount; and the price you shall receive shall be twice as much as you have paid." Abderahman disbursed another sixty sequins for the fragrant rose-water. He packed it carefully into the gilt-rimmed glasses, took all home with him, and deposited them on a shelf at the back of his room.

When he was preparing to take his usual bath, one of his friends remarked, "How much I should like to see you for once change these slippers! They are awkward for you, and surely you are rich enough now to supply yourself with another pair."

"You are right," said Abderahman; "I will do so one of these days." After which he went to his bath, and when about to dress, found another pair of slippers awaiting him instead of his own,

whereupon he surmised that in pleasantry, or out of kindness, his friends had bought them for him. Well pleased, he thrust his feet into them and went into his house.

Those new slippers, however, belonged to the kadi, who had also gone to the bath the same time as Abderahman, and who had left them there ready for his return. When the kadi came out of his bath and searched ineffectually for them, a commotion ensued. He cried out, "Ah! ah! my brothers! has anybody put on my slippers and not left me any in their stead?"

Several attendants went to seek for them; the only ones they found were Abderahman's, which every one readily recognised. The kadi, in a great rage at having such shabby coverings for his aristocratic feet foisted on him, immediately sent his people to surround the delinquent's house; he ordered them to enter it, and if they found his slippers there to give the purloiner the bastinado, after which he should be put in prison, that he might know for the future how to behave himself; after that, should he pay a heavy fine, he might be set at liberty.

When Abderahman came out of prison he felt such spite against his worn-out slippers that he threw them into the River Tigris. At that moment it happened that a fisherman was spreading his net in the very spot where he had thrown them. He snatched them out of the water, and, after examining them, exclaimed, "These must certainly belong to Abderahman! He must have let them fall into the river." Wishing to restore them to their owner, but not finding him in his house, and remarking a window open at the back, he decided on tossing them in through the window. They unfortunately fell on the shelf where the newly-purchased glasses and the rose-water stood; the glasses were shattered and the rose-water was spilt and ran over the floor.

When Abderahman returned home he observed the disorder of his room, and then the accident that had occurred. Deploring the misadventure,

and striking his forehead violently and shedding abundant tears, he called out, "What a cruel misfortune! Oh, those slippers! they are the cause to me of every calamity!"

As night was closing in, he determined to dig a hole to bury them. Indeed, it was only when they were out of sight that he felt his grief somewhat lightened, but his neighbours, who heard him digging, thought it a strange and suspicious proceeding at that late hour, and went afterwards to rob him of the treasure they imagined he was concealing. As he would not confess to the possession of any treasure, they made a complaint to the governor of the city, who thereupon had Abderahman arrested and placed in irons. He asked him why he was digging, thus causing injury to his neighbour's wall. As he did not like to reveal the cause of his foolish employment, they locked him up, and at length gave him his liberty only upon his consenting to pay a heavy fine.

When the term of his imprisonment was over, his exasperation against his unlucky slippers increased. He thought, if he cast them into the river, that they might by chance float back with the tide, so he threw them into an old drain, where they gathered around them all sorts of rubbish, and caused a stoppage. The people of the caravanserai soon complained. They searched, and inquired into the cause, and lo! Abderahman's slippers were discovered. The governor was informed of what had happened, and of the tumult and dissatisfaction existing in the caravanserai. He summoned the culprit before him, gave him a severe reprimand, and had him lodged in prison. "I promise you, sirrah, that it shall be at your expense," he said, "that the masons will be paid for executing the repairs." Abderahman possessed but a very small sum to pay for them; besides which he was to be mulcted of a fine before he could be set at liberty. When he departed he took his slippers with him, and full of wrath, cried out, "By the beard of the prophet, can I never rid myself of these detestable slippers?"

Then he placed them in a cellar of the house which had also served as a sort of larder; a dog observing them, and being attracted by the smell of the larder, hoping to find something to eat, took them hastily up and ran off to another cellar with them. On his way there he happened to drop one, and an old woman coming by fell down over it, by which a severe injury was caused to her eyes. Whereupon the slipper was picked up, and every one about her vociferated loudly, "It belongs to no one else but Abderahman!" The complaint of the old woman was brought before the kadi, who decided that the individual who had occasioned the injury should marry the one-eyed crone, who, by the accident, had been rendered so ugly that no man would think of her.

Abderahman, struck aghast at his cruel fate, and inveighing against it, at length plucked up courage and went with his slippers before the kadi, to make a formal declaration. "I request the kadi," he said, "to draw up a document stating that all right of property must now cease between me and these evil-bringing slippers. I no longer own

them; they no more belong to me. I publicly state, O kadi! that I will not be rendered liable for any misfortune that these detestable slippers may bring upon me or upon others."

The kadi made out the required document, and handing it to Abderahman, said, "I hope now by this solemn act of renouncement that their adventures and your affliction will cease. You have certainly been an unlucky bird! but, my son, remember and lay to heart, that whatever affliction Allah sends, life's burthen must be borne with patience, with fortitude, and with resignation. Invoke His protection and all will be well."

This was all very proper advice from a grave kadi, but the cobbler who narrated the story added the more homely moral, "Don't wear your slippers too long."

Comets and the Ladies.—*Apropos* of the comet of 1881, Mr. E. Walford has reproduced an old *jeu d'esprit* about the analogies of comets and women. "Comets are unquestionably intended to answer some good and grand purpose in creation, if we only knew what. So also are women. Comets are beautiful, eccentric, and incomprehensible. So also are women. Comets shine with peculiar splendour, and appear most beautiful at night. So also do women. Comets confound the most learned men. So also do women. Comets excite equally the admiration of the prince, the philosopher, and the peasant. So also do women. Comets and women, therefore, are closely analogous; but the nature of each being inscrutable, all that remains for us to do is to view both with admiration."

New Postage Stamps.—Recent changes in current postage stamps have not been satisfactory. We have now three common stamps—the penny, three-halfpenny, and twopenny, all of a pink hue, and scarcely distinguishable in dim or in gas light. The old blue twopenny stamp was readily known, and the differences in others were marked. The new half-penny stamp resembles one of the costly foreign stamps, and a letter was posted to India, stamped at the offices, and sent back, in order to show the liability to error. It is a matter which the present Postmaster-General must necessarily leave to subordinates, and advantage has been taken to introduce needless and annoying changes.

London Homes of the Poor.—A sanitary inspector in a poor district of London says that "wretched people," herded like beasts, are compelled to pay enormous rents for the use of the dens and lairs in which they lived—3s. 6d. for one "room" no larger than a fair-sized cupboard, and 5s. a-week for two mere hutchess, are common charges. In many of these places there is no ventilation or light, and health and decency are impossible. On the longest day of the year paraffin lamps are necessarily kept burning at high noon in the rooms where the people live, work, and sleep. More than that, spaces on the bare floors of some of these noisome dens are let for nightly accommodation, and both sexes without discrimination are glad to pay for the privilege of sleeping upon the bare boards, and cases could even be cited where people commonly slept on the staircases and passage.

This report (and the same facts can be testified as to other districts) is a disgrace to the civilisation of our Christian land. Why does not the Metropolitan Board of Works see to this state of matters? If overcrowding is the result of "improvements," other places should first be provided for the evicted population. It is a condition of terrible danger, even if no pestilence or "black death" should come. Rome in the zenith of its wealth and power was overwhelmed by the irruption of barbarians from distant lands. We have hordes of barbarians close at hand. If some hundreds of thousands of these poor people, enduring their wretchedness no longer, were to take possession of the mansions of the rich, no force of police could expel them; and the horrors of Paris in the Revolution might be repeated. Let us be wise in time.

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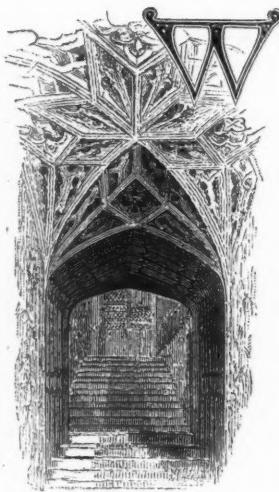
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assembly of the wise ones. The earliest legislative assemblies of the French were called *Colloquium*, or a talk, and this in time was altered to *Parlement*, or the great talk; and thus it came about, after the Conquest, that the old Saxon *Witenagemot*, or the council of the wise, was changed to the *Parliament*, or the assembly of the speakers: the change of designation was not happy, however. This being the case, it was natural that a Parliament should have a *Parlour*, or mouth of the House, and this it seems was really the official name given to the first who was named as the mouth-piece of the House, Sir Thomas Hungerford. In the reign of Henry III he was nominated *Parlour* by the king; by-and-by, while the supreme council retained its Franco-Norman term—a term like so many derived from the Latin—the chairman, or chief of the assembly, received the more befitting Saxon term of *Speaker*, and thus it is not unworthy of note that the Norman-Saxon dialects blend in the descriptions of our legislative chambers, as in the very genius of our national tongue.

"Mr. Speaker" is now a person eminent in honour as, in virtue of his office, the first commander of the land; but there was a time when, however great the honour might be, it was not held without considerable danger. It was in the reign of Richard II that Thomas Thorp acquired a tragical immortality, as being the first Speaker in whose person the privileges of the House were broken; these were days when the Peers and the Commons were at war.

MEMORABLE SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

CHAPTER IX.—MR. SPEAKER.

E call our sessions of legislation a *Parliament*, and the House of Commons, perhaps, even more especially, answers to that term. It has often given occasion for some sarcasm and sly intendo, hence Sir Francis Palgrave, in his history of the Anglo-Saxon period of our national story, reminds us that the great assembly of the nation was then called the *Micel-ge-thaingt*, or assembly of the great thinkers, or more generally the *Witena-gemot*, or the

Thorp, as Speaker, had obeyed the king, and seized upon the arms intended for the service of the Duke of York. In a short time the duke became Protector; for this seizure Thorp was committed to the Fleet Prison, and sentenced in a fine of a thousand pounds damages. In vain the whole House petitioned to have their Speaker restored, pleading the privilege of every previous Parliament. The Duke of York stood up in his place in the Lords and demanded the condemnation of the Speaker. Thorp, who had contrived to escape, fled for protection to the king; but he was again taken prisoner and sent to Newgate, from thence to the Marshalsea, and at last he was beheaded at Haringay Park, in Middlesex.

How different all this to the Speakers of these latter days—to the story, for instance, of Addington, Lord Sidmouth, the most favourite Speaker of George III, who occupied the chair of the Commons so long. He held it during three consecutive Parliaments, and, when he retired to the White Lodge at Kew, his dining-room was adorned by two of the bulky chairs he had occupied in the House of Commons; he had possessed the three, but one had unaccountably disappeared. The king presented his honoured Speaker with Sir William Beechey's equestrian portrait of himself for the same room, and replied to Mr. Addington's acknowledgment of it in the following characteristic little note:—

"King's Lodge, Oct. 8, 1804.

"The king received on Thursday Mr. Addington's account of having found, on returning from Worthing, the picture his Majesty had directed to be prepared for him. The same artist is now employed in copying whole-length portraits of the king and queen, to be also placed in the large drawing-room at the White Lodge, Richmond Park; the former in the robe of honour—worn in Parliament when the king used, at the close of the Session, to be gratified by hearing a most able and summary account of the proceedings of the House of Commons from the most honest and correct Speaker that House had ever chosen, and whom the king will ever look upon as a most affectionate friend, as well as one truly sound in his religious, moral, and constitutional principles.

"GEORGE R."

Such honours have been attained by Speakers who behaved themselves with propriety. These two got on very well together. In the "Life of Lord Sidmouth," we find him writing, "I am

just returned from Kew, where I passed an hour and a half with his Majesty, and partook of his dinner, which consisted of mutton-chops and pudding. He was in excellent spirits and quite well."

A man of character, this Addington, no doubt; and he looks better, it seems to us, in his place of Speaker than in any other place he filled in the State. He was only the son of an eminent physician, and this, perhaps, led to the very popular designation, by which he was for many years called, "the Doctor." In the journals of the time lying before us, we find innumerable epigrams and pasquinades; nor must our readers suppose that we insert them in any party spirit, for we really rather like "the Doctor," at the same time feeling that he was much better fitted for a Speaker than for a Minister. Here is an epigram from the year 1804:—

"What can ennable knaves, and fools, and cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
True, Master Pope; but had you lived till now,
You'd stared to see the Howard humbly bow
To beg *St. George's Cross* from *Glyster's* son,
The '*Honi soit*' from Doctor Addington."

But his position as the Speaker is more distinctly referred to in another *jeu d'esprit* of the same year, headed, "To Mr. Addington":—

"If a body put a body in the Speaker's chair,
Must a body be nobody but a cypher there?
My gown and wig, so long and big, they pleased the royal
eye;
Both king and queen admired my mien, so Minister am I!"

How Addington got on with the abstemious sovereign at the table we do not know, for, while the king limited himself to one glass of port, it was Addington who said that he "liked a glass of port very well, but liked a bottle better!" The anecdote is tolerably well known how, on one occasion—we believe there was but one—when Pitt and Dundas came into the House together, both of them evidently under the influence of wine, Addington's sense of decorum led him the next day gently to chide the mighty Minister by saying that he had so disturbed the clerk at the table as to give him a most violent headache, to which Pitt replied that he thought that an excellent arrangement, that he should have the wine, and the clerk should have the headache! And this was the occasion of one of the innumerable epigrams of "The Rolliad":

"Pitt.—I cannot see the Speaker! Hal, can you?
Dundas.—Not see the Speaker? why, man, I see two."

A most fussy little gentleman was this proper and dignified Speaker, and there were occasions in which he moved the risibility of the House; one especially excited merriment on the face of Canning, to whom Addington was indebted for the designation of "the Doctor." It was when he brought down a message from the king, and not having had time to change his dress, he pre-

sented himself in the Windsor uniform; the important man marching with a peculiarly military air up the House. He had in his pocket, however, one of the most brief and characteristic of notes ever written, and which might well console him for all Canning's pleasantries. Here is the note, holding tremendous consequences:

"House of Lords,
"4 o'clock, March 9, 1803.
"Whenever it is necessary, I am *your* Admiral.
"NELSON AND BRONTE."

But we must not dwell longer on this recent instance of the mingled character of Speaker and Minister—not the only one in the history of the House of Commons.

It has been observed, and we can well believe it, that the Chair of the House of Commons seldom fails to impart to its occupants a certain florid stateliness of diction and demeanour, such as would be called, in common life, pomposity—a kind of theatrical air—at first assumed as a duty, but which very naturally becomes a habit in private life. Addington, in a special manner, seems to exhibit to us this amiable weakness, and we do not mean it disrespectfully when we say it was a feature of character not likely to be lost on such a king as George III. It was during his Speakership that the Speaker's salary was fixed at a settled income of £6,000. It had only been a floating income of fees and sinecures before.

It would not be complimentary in us to assign to the office the character given as essential to it by one of the most eminent who, within this nineteenth century, has filled its chair, Sir Manners Sutton. It was on an evening in the course of a discussion—on what subject is not material—when a Member, passing the chair, whispered to the Speaker that he was "going away to escape the humbug" of a certain person's speech. "Sir," replied Sir Manners, with comic gravity, "I wish you would learn to speak more respectfully of the quality most indispensable for duly filling this chair." Perhaps this is the idea that many of our readers may be not indisposed to form of some of the punctilious ceremonies attaching to the office. Many ludicrous illustrations might be given. The race of the Onslows—for that family had the honour to enrol three Speakers—appear to have been great sticklers for minute forms. The first who filled the chair was Sir Richard Onslow—"Stiff Dick," as he was somewhat irreverently called. He was of good mature age—fifty-four—although he had long filled a seat in the House before he attained to the dignity which regarded him as the first gentleman in England, and, as we have implied, he was by no means disposed to abate a jot of the dignity the office devolved upon him. It was his nephew, Arthur Onslow, who succeeded to the office of Speaker, and who appears to have been as prim a piece of humanity as his uncle, who tells the story of a singular dispute in the House of Lords.

Sir Richard Onslow, as Speaker, went up to the Upper House to demand judgment against Dr. Sacheverell, of whom we may speak, we suppose,

as being in his custody. As the Mace was going into the House of Lords before the Speaker, the Black Rod attempted to hinder it, and thereupon Mace and Black Rod came into conflict. The Usher of the Black Rod stretched his rod across the door, on which the Speaker said, if he did not immediately take that rod away he would return to the House of Commons. The Black Rod desired him to stay a little, and he would acquaint the Lords. The door was shut, and Mr. Speaker and the House stayed outside. After awhile the door was opened, and Mr. Speaker and the Mace went in. As Mr. Speaker was going to the bar the Black Rod again attempted to interpose himself between the Speaker and the Mace, upon which the Speaker said, aloud, "My Lords, if you do not immediately order your Black Rod to go away I will immediately return to the House of Commons!" Then the Lord Chancellor Cowper directed the Black Rod to go from thence. Then Mr. Speaker, with the Mace, went up to the bar. The Black Rod was then ordered to bring the prisoner, and was going to put him on the right hand of Mr. Speaker, who upon that said, "If you don't order the Black Rod to go to the left side of me at some distance I will return to the House of Commons!" Upon which the Lord Chancellor directed the Black Rod so to do, and then Mr. Speaker demanded the judgment, and the Lord Chancellor accordingly pronounced the judgment upon the prisoner, he kneeling at the bar. We should altogether misunderstand and misstate the dignities at issue in this contest were we to say what a peppery Mr. Speaker this was. It seems, however, to show that "Stiff Dick" was no inapt designation for the gentleman; while, on the other hand, we are not surprised to find that the old Senator was of so choleric a disposition that the journals of the House show how, on two separate occasions, he was, by special order of the House, restrained from what was called in those days "an affair of honour." Such, which perhaps to some will seem only like child's play, were the conflicts of symbol through which the Speaker, in the assertion of his own dignity, maintained the privileges and independence of the Commons of England.

Sometimes Mr. Speaker got the worst of it, and, however plucky or peppery he might be, his rights and those he represented were disputed and denied, and he was made to bear the brunt of the deeds or misdeeds of the Commons he represented. Such a memorable instance occurred in the age immediately preceding that of "Stiff Dick," in the case of Williams, the versatile lawyer, a person who rose to the dignity of Speaker from a very inferior social standing; he was the son of a Welsh rector, adopted the profession of the Gown, and proved himself, it was said on circuit, to be a very acute young gentleman. Young or old, he was alike unscrupulous. His first step in social advancement was that which has often been considered a good investment, a more than wealthy marriage, a marriage which lifted him in social position. The young lady's father asked him what he had to depend upon, and he replied, "his tongue and his gown." The reply, impudent as

it was, appears to have been satisfactory; the first had satisfied the young lady already. He founded a distinguished family; he became Recorder of Chester, then Member for Chester; he appears to have been a fairly model representative of a time-server, an obsequious Member of the House, and was at last elected its Speaker. "A worthless man," says Bishop Burnett, "but chosen Speaker for his zeal." Upon his election as Speaker he returned thanks in words glowing with gratitude; he said he was "their own Speaker—their own entirely," that he "expected no boon, but by their grace and favour to depart as he came, when they should please to command him." With such silvery words it seems wonderful to associate perhaps the most vituperative Speaker that ever filled the chair. The combination, however, is not unnatural, nor rare; these soft-speaking tongues can sometimes be very severe. Sir Francis Wythem, a small judge, having addressed a petition to the king, the burden of which was an indisposition to adopt in its extremer forms the No-popery cry of the times, was ordered to receive sentence of expulsion from the House, of which he was a Member, on his knees, and Mr. Speaker harangued him: "You, being a lawyer, have offended against your profession; you have offended against yourself, your own right, your own liberty as an Englishman; your crime is not only against the living, it is a crime against those who are unborn; you are dismembered from this body." Sir Robert Cann for a similar offence suffered the same obloquy.

It is somewhat pleasant to know that in his earlier days Jeffries fell beneath the same vituperative eloquence; indeed, as specimens of legal oratory in that day, Williams and Jeffries appear to be much of the same order. One of the most curious pieces of his rhetoric occurs in the instance of Sir Robert Peyton. Sir Robert had abandoned what was called the Country Party, and had become reconciled to the Duke of York (James II), it was said through Lord Peterborough, Mrs. Collier, and Mr. Gadbury. For this he had to receive sentence at the bar of the House. "Many gentlemen," said Speaker Williams, "whose eyes are in their hearts, their tongues and eyes have used as well as yours; you have sat between the devil and the witch, Mr. Gadbury and Mrs. Collier; the dark ways you have taken show your ill designs; you have fallen from being an angel to be a devil; from the beginning you sought your own interest to set up a commonwealth; you had twenty thousand men to make your interest stronger; you were bustling like wind in the House and in the coffee-houses; your county chose you to this place not only for your interest, but for an example to other men, not with noise and thundering, but to behave yourself without vanity or ostentation. This Parliament nauseates such members as you are; you are no longer a part of this noble body."

Sir Robert did not like this style of talk, and thought it something more than the occasion demanded, so as soon as he got away from this pummelling of words, which he called "coarse abuse," he sent Mr. Speaker a challenge. The meek-spirited man, indisposed for fighting, instead of

either expressing regret or giving satisfaction, laid the case before the Privy Council, and got the man of war, Peyton, to be again safely lodged in the Tower. Peyton took some revenge by printing, and distributing pretty extensively, the speech—as he called it, “a specimen of the rhetoric, candour, and purity of Mr. William Williams, Speaker of the House of Commons.” But so rancorous, abusive, and gross a time-server as Williams was, it seems strange that he became clasped in a coil of illegality and injustice. He had made some enemies; the Duke of York was waiting for a spring upon him, and the opportunity came. He had been again chosen as the Speaker in another Parliament. Our readers do not need to be reminded of the infamous Dangerfield, and his alleged discovery of the Meal-tub Plot, which was said to implicate the Duke of York. Williams, as Speaker, simply acted upon his duty in licensing for printing the votes of the House and the narrative of Dangerfield—in this he had been merely the Speaker of the House; the Duke of York, however, sprang upon him at once, and indicted him in the Court of King’s Bench for what was called a scandalous and seditious libel. No doubt, to our advanced ideas of freedom, the possibility of sustaining such a charge seems to be ridiculous, and the Members of the House were as guilty as the Speaker—more guilty, for he was merely their Speaker; but what was to be expected from James II as prosecutor, and Jeffries—for the two men had changed places now—as judge? so he was fined £10,000. But the quick James, like a nimble tradesman, said he was willing to remit £2,000, provided £8,000 were paid down, which was accordingly done. Poor Williams suffered a good deal more on this account. In the reign of King William the judgment was reversed as wholly illegal, but the money was never paid back.

Such is a slight history among the calamities which have befallen Mr. Speaker in the course of his democratic reign; but it is curious, in this brief paper to bring thus together one of the most loyal and one of the most disloyal of Speakers, from the earlier and the later history of the House, but both unjustly suffering from the accident of the dignity of their position. This man Williams is not uninteresting as a lawyer. Townsend, in his history, gives other anecdotes, but not connected with the story of the House. He and Jeffries met again upon an occasion when, as Jeffries said, he “gave the Speaker a lick with the rough side of his tongue.” A pleasant pair! But they became reconciled, and where does the reader think, if he do not already know? On the trial of the bishops! Mr. Williams changed sides, and to him—extreme Liberal and mighty anti-Papist—was entrusted the task of seeking the conviction of those men in that crucial moment in the history of English freedom! But he missed his end in life: William came. He lived through the greater part of William’s reign, but was regarded as a corrupt and vicious man of no fixed principles, and perhaps among the Speakers of the House we should find a difficulty in mentioning one to whose memory attaches so much disgrace, and yet, strange to say, who suffered so much injustice.

Before closing our paper shall we yet look a little way back? Among the fine gentlemen Speakers a very prominent place may be given to Sir Thomas Hanmer, “the Sir Charles Grandison of his time,” says Townsend, though we cannot see anything beyond his fine person to justify this rather exalted compliment. At the age of twenty-one he married the Dowager Duchess of Grafton, ten years his senior. He soon entered the House, and in two years was elected the Speaker. A singular incident connects the story of his Speakership with that of Addington. Hanmer stated to the House that he had received a letter from one John Quin, with a petition enclosed, drawn in form for presentation to the House, and also containing a scandalous offer of a sum of money to be paid to the Speaker, upon the passing of an Act of Parliament such as was desired in the said petition. Quin was very shortly in custody of the serjeant-at-arms. He was examined by the House, and the next day the unfortunate speculator had to present a very different kind of petition, acknowledging his offence, committed through inadvertence and ignorance; being a stranger, and unacquainted with the method of obtaining Acts of Parliament, he implored the pardon of Mr. Speaker and of the House, and prayed to be discharged from custody, so he was brought up on the following Monday to the bar. There he was made to go down upon his knees, in which lowly plight Mr. Speaker reprimanded him, and he was ordered out of custody upon his paying the fees. Corrupt notions linger through many generations, and, about a century later, Mr. Addington made a similar communication to the House. He had received from a scheming tinsmith in Plymouth a letter offering to him £2,000 down for some office in the dock-yard. This man was more severely dealt with than Quin; he was prosecuted, and received—instead of his appointment to the place of his ambition—six months’ imprisonment in Newgate. It is singular that these incidents should have happened to two of the most proper and punctilious of the Speakers.

That there have been brave Speakers we have seen—even George III found one not so pleasing to deal with as Mr. Addington. Among the number, in spite of other more doubtful features in his character, must be mentioned Sir Fletcher Norton, Speaker in 1777. In that year the much-tormented king had to lay before the House the heavy debts of the Civil List—poor old king, so economical in all his personal habits, dining on mutton-chops and pudding, with his single glass of port wine a day, he had overrun the constable somehow, or, more likely, some of the harpies round him had overrun in his name—he was £600,000 in debt. The House resolved not only to pay the £600,000, but to grant £100,000 more per annum. The grant, however, was accompanied by a strong protest. When the Speaker, a day or two after, presented the Bill to the king for the royal assent, he said, “In a time, sire, of public distress, full of difficulty and danger, their constituents labouring under burdens almost too heavy to be borne, your faithful Commons, postponing all other business, have

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not only granted to your Majesty a large present supply, but also a very great additional revenue—great beyond example, great beyond your Majesty's highest expense; but all this, sire, they have done in the well-grounded confidence that you will apply wisely what they have granted liberally." The king was startled at the unexpected liberty of the words; and, upon his return to the House, the Speaker himself was arraigned by the high prerogative party, and his words were denounced with unusual vehemence, as conveying little less than an insult to the king; and yet, after his return, but before these remarks were made, he had received a formal vote of thanks from the House for his conduct; to this, then, he appealed, as a proof that he had not been guilty of the irreverence imputed to him. It was most unfortunate; the party who had raised the storm attempted to withdraw the impeachment, but the House felt that it

had been insulted in the indignity offered to its Speaker, and Charles James Fox carried unanimously a resolution, "That the Speaker of the House, in his speech to his Majesty at the bar of the House of Peers, did express with just and proper energy the sentiment of the House," and the Speaker was thanked again.

Such are a few shreds from the history of "Mr. Speaker." Of how many we have said not a word! —of Harley, for instance, a singularly romantic story in itself; but we must say no more, or only this, that, abstaining as we do from all reference to passing events, it may be safely said that, when the history of the House of Commons shall be written in future years, the story of the Chair in 1881 will be amongst the most memorable chapters in the history of "Mr. Speaker." *

* A paper from another pen, "Mr. Speaker, his Trials and Scapes," appeared in the "Leisure Hour," June 16th, 1859.



ANCESTORS OF THE HORSE AND OTHER HOOVED ANIMALS.

AS the mountain ranges and table-lands of Western America emerged from the Cretaceous waters, they became clothed with Eocene forests and inhabited by Eocene mammals.

As in the Paris basin, the large Ungulates constitute the most conspicuous feature. This great group is now usually divided into those that

are odd-toed (Perissodactyl), and those that are even-toed (Artiodactyl). Though these are apparently arbitrary characters, they correspond with other more fundamental differences. The first includes such modern animals as the Rhinoceros, Tapir, and Horse. The second includes two somewhat distinct assemblages—that with mammillated teeth, of which the Hog and Hippopotamus are types (Bunodonts), and that with crescental plates of enamel in the teeth, of which the Ruminants, like the Deer, Ox, and Camel, are examples (Selenodonts).

The most characteristic animals of the lowest Eocene belong to the genus *Coryphodon* (Fig. 1, 2),

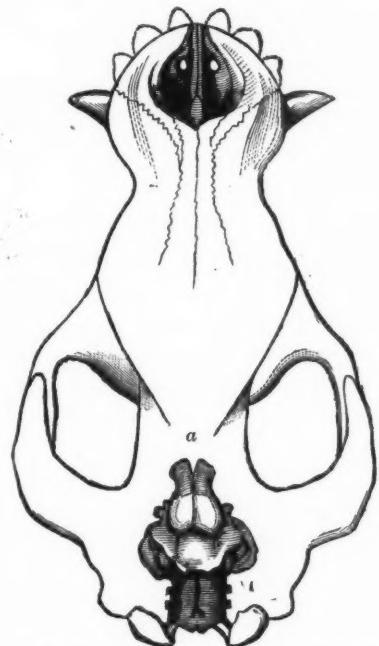


FIG. 1.—*Coryphodon Hamatus*. A Lower Eocene Perissodactyl skull, greatly reduced, showing small size of brain, a.—After Marsh.

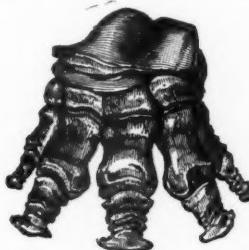


FIG. 2.—Fore-foot of *Coryphodon*. Greatly reduced.—After Marsh.

which so abounded in Eocene America that bones of about one hundred and fifty individuals were found by the Wheeler Expedition in one year in the Eocene beds of New Mexico. These animals in their dentition approached the American tapirs, except that they had great canines like the bear, while their feet resembled those of the elephant, and some of them attained the dimensions of the ox. *Coryphodon* is thus, as might be expected in a primal placental mammal, a creature of some-

what generalised type. Another point in which it resembles some at least of its early Tertiary contemporaries is the small size of the brain, especially in those parts of it supposed to minister to the intelligence and higher instincts (Fig. 1, a). It is certainly remarkable that as Tertiary time went on the successive groups of mammals were gifted with brains of larger and larger size, fitting them for higher functions, and ultimately for associating with man. Animals thus low in development of brain were probably slow and sluggish and stubbornly ferocious, and dependent on brute force for subsistence and defence; and they would have been altogether unsuitable for domestication had they lived to the present time.

In the Middle Eocene, the place of *Coryphodon* was taken by *Dinoceras* and allied forms. Some of the species nearly equalled the elephant in size, but had shorter and stouter limbs, each supported on five great toes—the most perfect possible sort of pedestal foot (Figs. 2, 4). They were heavily armed with immense canines on the upper jaws, and two or even three pairs of horns or hard protuberances on the head (Fig. 3). Cre-

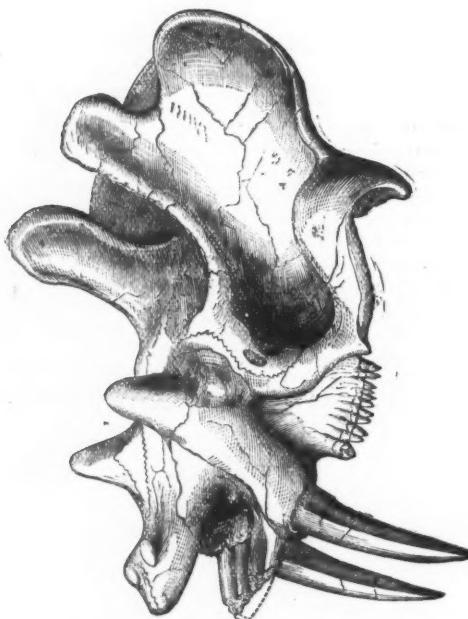


FIG. 2.—Skull of an Upper Eocene Perissodactyl (*Dinoceras mirabilis*), showing three pairs of horn-bases. Greatly reduced.—After Marsh.

tures so supported and so armed, and living where food was plentiful, might well dispense with any great degree of intelligence, and their development of brain is consequently little better than that of *Coryphodon*. These great and characteristic Eocene families have no known successors; and in the Miocene age their place is taken by a very different group, that of which *Brontotherium* is the type (Fig. 5). They are creatures of huge size, with a pair of horn-cores on the nose, and feet with four toes in front and three behind, resembling in form those of the rhinoceros.

While these gigantic Perissodactyls have no successors as yet known to us, another and less conspicuous Eocene type can be traced onward to



FIG. 4.—Fore-foot of *Dinoceras*. Greatly reduced.—After Marsh.

modern times by a chain of successors which the imagination of evolutionists has converted into a veritable genetic series, to which they appeal as a "demonstration" of the process of descent with specific modifications. In the Lower Eocene are found the remains of a diminutive ungulate (*Eohippus*), of the stature of a moderately-sized dog. It has four toes and a rudiment of a fifth in front,

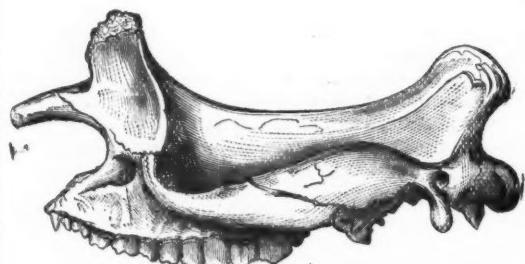


FIG. 5.—Skull of *Brontotherium ingens* (Marsh). Greatly reduced. A Miocene Perissodactyl.

and three toes behind; and has teeth slightly resembling those of the horse, but more simple and shorter in the crown. In this creature it has been supposed that we have a direct ancestor of the modern horse. A very similar genus (*Orohippus*), lacking only the fifth rudimentary toe, replaces *Eohippus* in the Middle Eocene. *Mesohippus* of the Lower Miocene is as large as a sheep, and has only three toes on the fore-foot and a splint bone, while its teeth assume a more equine character (Fig. 6). In the Upper Miocene *Miohippus* con-

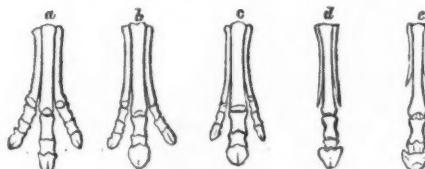


FIG. 6.—Series of Equine Feet.—After Marsh.
a, *Orohippus*, Eocene. b, *Miohippus*, Miocene. c, *Protohippus*, Lower Pliocene. d, *Pliohippus*, Upper Pliocene. e, *Equis*, Post-Pliocene and Modern.

tinues the line, while *Protohippus* of the Lower Pliocene is still more equine and as large as an

ass, and corresponds with the European *Hipparium* in having the middle toe of each foot alone long enough to reach the ground. In the Upper Pliocene true horses appear with only a single toe, and splint bones instead of the others. In America, though the horse was unknown at the time of the discovery of the continent, several species occur in the Tertiary and Post-Pliocene, showing that the genus existed there up to a comparatively late period; and when reintroduced it has thriven and run wild in the more temperate regions. What cause could have led to its extinction in Post-Glacial times is as yet a mystery. This genealogy of the horse, independently of its evolutionist application, is very interesting. It shows that some Eocene types were suited to continuance, and even adapted for extension, while others were destined to become altogether extinct at an early date. It shows further that the power of continuance resided not so much in the gigantic and prominent species as in smaller forms. It is to be observed, however, that Gaudry and other orthodox evolutionists in Europe, deduce the horse, not from *Eohippus*, but from *Palaeotherium*,

and that it is equally impossible to verify either phylogeny, since the mere sequence of more or less closely allied species in time does not prove continuous derivation.

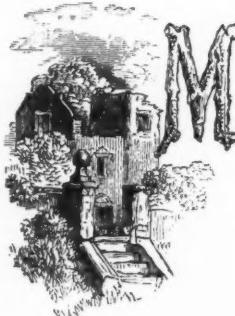
The Perissodactyls are not numerous at present. The three groups represented by the Horse, Rhinoceros, and Tapir constitute the whole; and the two latter forms can be traced back to predecessors in Eocene times, even more closely resembling them than those supposed to be ancestors of the horse resemble that animal. But the few species now living have thus a vast surplusage of possible ancestors. Many species and genera are dropped without any modern representatives, so that the tendency has been to a gradual elimination of surplus types, until only a few isolated and somewhat specialised forms remain at present. Yet this process of elimination is not necessarily an evolution or survival of the fittest, in the sense of modern derivationists. It rather implies that in certain past conditions of the earth the conditions of life afforded scope for many forms not now required, or replaced by other types more suited to the advanced and specialised nature of the world.

MISJUDGED;

OR, THE TROUBLES OF A CITY MAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS ONLY ENEMY."

CHAPTER III.—THE ENTRY IN THE NOTE-BOOK.



MR. HAYDON remained seated in his chair for some time after the departure of his visitor. His feelings had been deeply wounded by the old gentleman's suspicions; still the consciousness of his own innocence helped to sustain him. He felt sure that before many hours had elapsed he would be able to vindicate

himself from the cruel calumny. As he sat there he recalled many of the false charges that had been publicly made against him by the shareholders of the bank, some of whom had been rendered half mad by the thought of the ruin that had suddenly come upon them, and they laid all the blame on the shoulders of their unfortunate chairman. His table was covered with letters breathing anathemas and threatening him with criminal prosecution. All this helped to crush and humiliate the ruined gentleman, whose sensitive nature was wounded by the thought that they should so misjudge him. They overlooked the fact that he alone had opposed the stoppage,

and even offered to mortgage his property in order to help them meet the run, and, if possible, reassure the frightened depositors.

"God help me in my tribulation!" As he murmured these words he rose from his chair and renewed his search for the missing deed. An hour or two later, he resumed his seat with a white agitated face. In his hand he held a small notebook, which had belonged to the late Mrs. Haydon. It was only a simple entry that had startled Mr. Haydon, and though it gave a clue to the disappearance of the deed, it brought no relief to his aching heart, for the terrible fear had crept into his mind (the result of the subtle hints of Martin Fletcher) that his wife had been guilty of a dishonourable act; for if she had mortgaged the property, as her cousin had covertly suggested, she must have forged his signature.

"October 14. Arranged about the Westbrook Deed with M."

He read and re-read this entry, and wondered who M was. Did it stand for the name of a person, and, if so, who could it be?

Naturally his first thought was of Martin Fletcher, but that gentleman's apparent ignorance of the subject made it seem very unlikely that he was the person represented by the letter M, and yet he knew of no one whose name began with

that initial. He sat long in the gloom of the winter afternoon brooding over the sentence in his wife's note-book. One thing he saw plainly; he could show it to Mr. Cressham, and clear himself from the suspicion which the anonymous letter-writer had implanted. But in vindicating himself he would be casting a stain on the dead, and giving a terrible blow to the old man whose darling she had been.

"I cannot do it, I cannot do it, not even for my name's sake," he murmured brokenly. "And yet it is hard to be blamed and shunned by those I respect, and whose friendship I have valued. Oh! my wife, why did you not trust me?"

He sank back in his chair. There seemed nothing for him but to live on in the atmosphere of doubt and distrust that was making his heart sick. He saw no means of self-vindication beyond the one that he felt he could not use. The future looked cold and dark, and a feeling of despair seemed to be gathering over his spirit. He had nothing to live for; all the springs of his life had been broken.

At that moment, as if to rebuke him for these thoughts, the library door opened and a slight dark figure stole in, silent, soft-footed, as she had stolen in upon his interview with Martin Fletcher. The next instant a pair of clinging arms were round his neck, and there was a velvet touch on his cheek as a wistful little face was laid against his, and a sweet voice said,

"Dear papa, I hope I have not disturbed you. I got tired waiting for your bell to ring, and could not rest." The child paused an instant, then with a caressing movement of her small white hand added anxiously, "Why is your face so white, papa, and so cold? I hope you are not going to be ill."

For the purpose of reassuring her, he forced himself to smile as he said, "I do not feel cold, my dear, so you need not trouble to get me anything. I have only been worried during the last few days about a valuable document which I have been unable to find; but do not look so troubled, little woman." He stroked her brown head in the fond caressing way to which she had been used from babyhood, and tried to give a new direction to her thoughts by asking some questions about her lessons. But this had not the desired effect, for though she answered promptly, her mind came back to the point from which he was anxious to divert her.

"Poor papa! I am sorry you have been worried, for I know how much trouble you have had to bear. Will you let me assist you to find it?"

"It would only be a waste of time, Mabel, but if you will, you may help me to put back some of those books and papers."

"Thank you, dear papa; I cannot tell you how glad I am to give you my help; I do want to be of some use to you." Her tone had become very earnest; she spoke with brightening eyes and a rising flush that gave the usually pale cheeks just the touch of colour they lacked. "Do you know, papa, I often feel sorry that I am only a girl. If I had been a boy I could have been more useful to you, and we could have been more together."

Mr. Haydon forgot the burden that was crushing down his spirit, in the new interest with which he listened to Mabel. She went on with growing excitement: "It seems to me, papa, that my life would have been much higher and nobler, not so filled with trifles and small details about things that go on every day."

Her father smiled indulgently. "How shocked Miss Parker would be to hear you talk in that strain, Mabel. To my mind a girl's life is capable of being made quite as useful as a boy's."

Mabel's face glowed with animation. "Oh! papa, do you really think so? I am glad! Will you show me what I can do then? I have so often longed to be grown up, that I might be doing something."

Mr. Haydon was somewhat taken by surprise. Mabel's talk usually interested him, though her mental precocity was sometimes a source of solicitude, as he feared it might affect her delicate constitution. He always encouraged her in the frank and fearless expression of her opinions. In the present instance he was more than pleased with the conversation, and the glimpse that it gave him of her mind.

"We may all make something of our lives," he replied, "if we look to the right source for strength and counsel, not depending too much on ourselves."

Mabel's eyes questioned him as she repeated, "Depending upon ourselves, papa? does not that mean self-reliance?"

"Yes, my dear; and I see you would remind me that I have always encouraged that spirit in you, and spoken of self-reliance as a virtue." She silently assented. "I am not depreciating its value," he continued, "but it must be leavened with Christian humility and faith, or it may become self-presumption, and end in pride."

"I will try and remember that, papa, for I know I am prone to be independent, and rely too much on myself. I do not like to depend on others, unless—"

She paused.

"Unless what, my dear? Don't hesitate to speak your thoughts; I always like you to be candid."

"I was only going to say, unless it was somebody that I loved; then I should have quite another feeling, for it seems to me a very different thing to depend upon those we are fond of, and in whom we have faith."

Her father looked fondly at her, and his thoughts took the form of a prayer that the day might never come when his only child would lose her faith in him.

Mabel's words had recalled the shadow which her presence had for the time dispelled. Once more the interview with Mr. Cressham was mentally gone through, and all the pain and humiliation lived over again. He chafed under the cruel injustice of the false charge of the anonymous letter-writer, and felt keenly the doubt which had been cast upon his honesty and honour. He had become so absorbed that he had almost forgotten the presence of Mabel. The sound of her voice roused him.

"Papa, I wanted to ask you when I first came in, what was the reason Uncle Cressham went away this afternoon without waiting to see me, after giving a message to Parker that he would send for me?"

Her father was somewhat embarrassed by this question, for he was anxious to keep from her the knowledge of the impending rupture between himself and Mr. Cressham, for he knew that the old man was one of her heroes.

"With regard to your uncle going back to town without waiting to see you, I think he felt himself obliged to do so, for he left hurriedly, and, from what he said when looking at his watch, I inferred that he was pressed for time."

This was the literal truth, yet he was secretly dissatisfied with the answer he had given, for it seemed to him that his words had a touch of evasion in them, and he could not divest himself of a feeling of self-reproach. He was relieved to find that Mabel was not disposed to question further—his explanation had evidently satisfied her.

"I must acknowledge, papa, that I was very much disappointed when Parker told me she had seen uncle's carriage drive away; but I hope he will soon come again. Did he say when he would pay us another visit?"

"I cannot give you a satisfactory answer, Mabel. You know your uncle is getting very aged, and the weather is very trying to elderly people."

"Ah, yes; I did not think of that. Then I suppose I had better go to Lyndhurst? Will you take me one day next week? You know uncle has wanted me to go and stay a few days with him for some time past, and I promised I would, as soon as you could spare me."

"Do you think I could ever spare you, Mabel, now that I am alone in the world, with no one to love and trust in me but you?"

The words were uttered almost unconsciously, and he drew her closer, as though he feared to trust her away from him. Did he foresee the time when an attempt would be made to take her from him, on the plea that he was not a fit associate for her?

Mabel looked at him in surprise, for his answer puzzled her; then the thought flashed through her mind that he must be thinking of her dead mother. She put her arms round his neck and kissed him, murmuring:

"Then I will go only for a day, papa, though I know Uncle Cressham will be disappointed, for he quite expects me to stay."

Mr. Haydon's face shadowed as he listened to her talk. There was a jealous pang at his heart, which he did his best to crush down as being unworthy of himself. Yet he could not keep back the thought that the day might come when her faith and trust in himself would be put to the test. How would it be then?

He glanced into her clear thoughtful eyes as he mentally asked this question, but he failed to read there the answer he sought, for with all his knowledge of her character, he had but a faint conception of the underlying wealth of love and

self-sacrifice that lay hidden beneath her girlish impulsiveness.

Mabel had been in the habit of paying periodical visits to Mr. Cressham's, so that her father could not well refuse her request, without entering into explanations which he was anxious to avoid making. Yet he was very unwilling to let her go, it seemed as though he had some prescience of the trial that was sure to result from her visit.

He did not renew his search for the deed. Mabel assisted in putting the place in order again, chatting all the while, doing what she could to interest her father and make him, for a time at least, forget his troubles.

A day or two after his interview with Mr. Cressham, Mr. Haydon attended a meeting of the shareholders and creditors of the bank. He could not help noticing that he was received very coldly, even those whom he had been wont to look upon as friends scarcely deigning to notice him. Martin Fletcher was the only one to give him a welcome as if nothing had happened, and as if his faith in the unfortunate gentleman remained unshaken.

"God bless you, Martin, for standing by me in my hour of trial; it is hard to be forsaken by every one."

As he spoke, he grasped the limp hand of the traitor. He little dreamed that he owed his cold reception to certain sinister rumours which had been artfully originated by the very man who outwardly appeared his friend.

CHAPTER IV.—TAKING ALARM.

LYNDHURST, the residence of Mr. Cressham, was situated in the suburbs of London. The house was an imposing erection in stone, and would have been described in a house-agent's advertisement as a choice and attractive mansion, standing in its own ornamental grounds, approached by a carriage-drive, with entrance lodge, etc., etc. Certain it is that it was a handsome-looking place, and the park-like land in which it stood was much coveted by enterprising speculators, as one of the best building sites in the neighbourhood.

If it be true that houses have sometimes a distinctive physiognomy in affinity with the characters of their inmates, it might have been fancied that the stately old gentleman had given some impression of his own individuality to those richly-furnished rooms. After the marriage of his favourite niece, Mr. Cressham had somewhat reluctantly consented to receive her eldest sister Agatha, who had been recently left a widow with an only son, and a very limited income, consisting of a life annuity that was insufficient for the maintenance of herself and the boy. From that time to the present Mrs. Raymond, or Aunt Agatha, as she was called by Mabel Haydon, had presided over her uncle's household, her son Ernest being placed at a public school, where he was kept by the liberality of Mr. Cressham.

Mrs. Raymond was the eldest of her family, and at the time of the opening of our story was not more than forty-six, but she looked much

older, possibly because she had an unhappy temperament. She affected strong-minded contempt for the vanities and frivolities of her sex, and yet was one of the vainest of women. In appearance she was tall and dignified, but possessed none of the personal attractions which had won for her youngest sister Alice the distinction of being called the beauty of the family, a compliment which had roused the jealousy of Agatha and provoked some envious feeling towards her late sister, in spite of her own boasted superiority to such fleeting charms. During her residence at Lyndhurst she had proved herself a very efficient head of the housekeeping department, and a clever and skilful manager in all matters committed to her charge. So far she suited Mr. Cressham, and, contrary to the prediction of her brother Frank, had contrived to stay on and hold her position. The favour of her uncle was the object which Mrs. Raymond had persistently striven to secure for herself and her son. She had a true appreciation of the substantial benefits which that favour had secured to her since her widowhood, and was strongly impressed with the desirability of continuing in her present luxurious home, desirable if only for the sake of her son Ernest and the advantages which it gave her of being able to keep watch over his interests. She was in constant dread lest they should be imperilled by other members of her family, for she suspected them all of having designs on the old man's wealth.

There was her brother Frank—unstable, erratic Frank—the thoughtless, good-natured spendthrift, whom most people liked in spite of his shortcomings, Uncle Cressham among the rest; for though the old man took his nephew severely to task and lectured him on the uselessness of his life and the waste of his abilities, he always ended by helping him, and he was always glad to see him when it pleased him to visit Lyndhurst. Yes, Frank might be counted among the rival claimants; he was sure to come in for his share of the property. Then there was sister Mildred and her troublesome brood of sons and daughters; and last, but most to be dreaded, there was Mabel Haydon, for she was likely to become a more formidable rival than her mother had been; more formidable also as a barrier to be overthrown—a barrier between her son and the inheritance which it was the aim of her life to secure for him, if it could be done by any effort of her own. No matter who might be sacrificed, there she could be unscrupulous. "It is for the dear boy's sake,"—that plea was sufficient justification for ignoring all other claims. Brother, sister, niece, no matter how they might be overlooked, what was their individual prosperity in comparison with that of her son, whom she fondly idolised? Her idol was certainly not of the finest clay; full of flaws as seen by other eyes. As yet he was only an overgrown schoolboy, whose selfishness she was unconsciously doing her best to educate. In the face of very palpable evidence, she refused to recognise the truth that he was not grateful enough to second her efforts to secure Uncle Cressham's favour whenever he was at Lyndhurst. The consequence was that his mother

got into a state of feverish anxiety lest he should so far compromise himself as to forfeit the good opinion of the old man, and seriously injure his future prospects.

It was the morning of the fourth day after Mr. Cressham's visit to Broadlands. The fourth day, and no letter from John Haydon. After all his anxious waiting not a word had come to throw light on the miserable mystery which had become a personal affliction to himself. He had believed so implicitly on what he now bitterly called the fiction of John Haydon's honour. In spite of their last unsatisfactory interview he had confidently expected Mr. Haydon would be able to clear himself, and with this hope he had watched every post for the letter which he fully expected to receive.

There were three letters lying on his desk when he entered the room that morning, and he eagerly scanned the writing on the envelopes; then sat down, with a disappointed look on his face, when he found that there was not one from Mr. Haydon. He tore them open, and, after a hasty glance over their contents, he tossed them aside.

"Why has he not written to me? It would have been better for him had he confessed all; this dogged silence only helps to make matters worse. I thought I had been too hard upon him; and I might have overlooked it, knowing the temptation it would be in his desperate circumstances."

These were the thoughts that passed rapidly through Mr. Cressham's mind as he sat brooding over John Haydon's strange silence. In order to get rid of the subject, he took up his newspaper and prepared to devote half an hour to reading the principal items of the day's news. Strange to say, the first thing that chanced to catch his eyes was a paragraph headed—"The Late Bank Failure—Stormy Meeting of the Shareholders—Serious Accusation against the Chairman."

Then followed a detailed account of the meeting, the hisses with which Mr. Haydon had been received, and the charge of fraud which one excited gentleman had brought against him. Only one person had attempted to defend the unfortunate chairman, a Mr. Martin Fletcher; but on reading his speech Mr. Cressham could not help thinking that that gentleman's defence did Mr. Haydon more harm than good.

"Fletcher evidently thinks him guilty; that must be plain to every one, in spite of his sympathy and friendship for Haydon."

This was Mr. Cressham's comment as he threw down the paper and turned to his desk.

"After that I shall wash my hands of him; no wonder he had not the face to write to me."

He wrote a few lines to the principal partner of an eminent firm of lawyers, and having addressed and sealed it, was about to touch the bell, when some one knocked at the door, and a moment later his niece, Mrs. Raymond, entered.

"Ah! Agatha, I am glad you are come, for I have an important letter which I wish Snell to deliver without loss of time. Will you be good enough to give it to him with my commands?"

Mrs. Raymond received the letter with a smile,

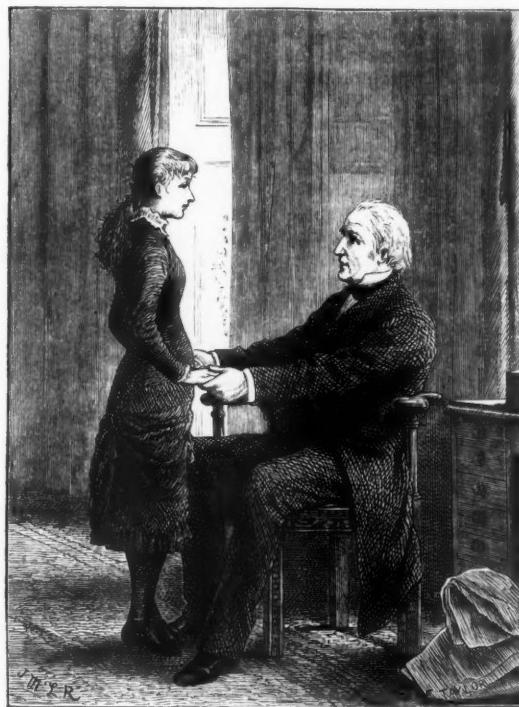
and promised to have his wishes carried out; but the moment she read the address the smile faded from her face—"Messrs. Pringle and Scott, Lincoln's Inn."

As she was leaving, Mr. Cressham repeated his instruction, and urged that there should be no delay, as he intended to wait until the servant returned.

"What does he want with his lawyer? Could he be going to alter his will?" These were the questions that she asked herself, as she passed into her own room. In its privacy she subjected the elaborately sealed envelope to minute inspection, as though she would like to get at its

that fertile brain of hers his future as she intended it to be. She saw him master of Lyndhurst, looked up to by every one, and dispensing through her, out of his vast store of wealth, assistance to the less fortunate members of the family. She was prone to be very lavish in these prospective gifts, but to judge by her present and past life, and her reluctance to part with even the most trifling things, there seemed little prospect of her ever actually bestowing them, should her dream come true. She was still occupied with these pleasant thoughts when she caught sight of a trim little figure approaching the house.

Judging from the changed expression of Mrs.



A FAVOURITE AT LYNDHURST.

contents. "What if it had any bearing on her darling's future? Had Ernest been unfortunate enough to offend his uncle?" Again she examined the letter, then sat down in front of her devonport, and wrote a hasty note to her sister Mildred, asking her to come at once, as she had something of importance to communicate to her.

This note she handed to Snell, with instructions to deliver it to Mrs. Holt *on his way to the lawyer's*; on no account was he to deliver Mr. Cressham's first.

Mrs. Raymond was standing at the drawing-room window when Snell, who was mounted on a horse, rode down the drive towards the lodge. She watched him with a meditative look in her eyes, for she was thinking of her son, planning in

Raymond's face, as she recognised Mabel Haydon, it could be told that this unexpected visit of her young niece was regarded as a misfortune rather than a pleasure.

"To think of that girl making her appearance at this critical time, just before the arrival of the lawyer, when it was most desirable that Uncle Cressham should not have Mabel recalled to his mind. I will take care that he does not know of her arrival until the lawyer has come and gone."

She made this resolution mentally as she stood watching the unwelcome visitor, whose arrival at Lyndhurst was to her so ill-timed that she looked upon it as a possible calamity to her and her son. She tightened her lips to a thread, and every line

of her face seemed to harden as her eyes tracked the approaching steps. Yet she had no personal dislike to her sister's motherless child, no desire to treat her unkindly. She might possibly have grown fond of her if she had not been such a great favourite of Mr. Cressham's; that was the head and front of the girl's offending in the eyes of Aunt Agatha. She watched Mabel until she had nearly reached the house, then hastily shutting up her eye-glasses, and controlling her manner as she well knew how, she swept out of the room, and contrived to be just crossing the hall when Mabel rang the bell.

Mrs. Raymond was ready to receive the guest; she was too diplomatic to let her feelings influence her manner towards her niece. Her reception of Mabel was outwardly very affectionate, but the young girl felt, notwithstanding her aunt's apparent pleasure at seeing her, and the warmth of her greeting, that she was not so welcome as appeared on the surface. As she passed into the drawing-room she overheard Mrs. Raymond say to the servant, "You need not mention Miss Haydon's arrival to your master, as he is very busy; I will let him know myself by-and-by." Unfortunately for Mrs. Raymond's plans her uncle had caught sight of his favourite from the library window, in front of which his desk had been placed that morning, in order to secure as much of the short winter daylight as possible.

Unconscious of the checkmate that awaited her, Mrs. Raymond took Mabel to a small elegantly-furnished room that was used exclusively by herself. Secure in the privacy of this retreat, Aunt Agatha congratulated herself that Mabel's presence in the house would be unknown to Mr. Cressham until such time as she thought proper to inform him. They had been together nearly an hour, and Mabel was undergoing a cross-examination with regard to Mr. Cressham's last visit to Broadlands and her father's affairs, when there was a knock at the door, and in answer to her "Come in" a servant entered. "Please, ma'am, master says he wishes to see Miss Haydon at once."

Mrs. Raymond was surprised. Finding her aunt remained silent, Mabel answered,

"Tell my uncle I will be with him in a few minutes."

"Why, aunt, how startled you look; your face went quite white; are you not well?"

"It is only a spasm, child; I shall be better directly."

Finding she could do nothing, Mabel was about to follow the servant, when Mrs. Raymond called her back, saying she should accompany her. She had decided that, in the interest of her son, it was her duty to be present at the interview. So they went down together. Mrs. Raymond tapped lightly at the door of the library, then passed in, followed by her niece.

"I have brought Mabel, uncle."

"So I perceive; had you forgotten the way, pet?"

He drew Mabel to him as he spoke, and kissed her.

"As if I could do that," Mabel replied with a laugh. "Why, I could find my way blindfold."

"Your Aunt Agatha does not seem to think so, my dear."

Mr. Cressham glanced significantly at his niece, though his words were addressed to Mabel, but Mrs. Raymond was invulnerable to his glances. She only smiled as she replied,

"Nay, uncle, that is not fair; the fact is, I have been feeling lonely of late, and I was unwilling to part with Mabel, even to you."

"And you were so very busy, Uncle Cressham," Mabel struck in, to the dismay of her aunt.

"So very busy! who told you that I was busy?"

Mabel glanced towards Mrs. Raymond; but that lady had not had time to recover from this second shock to her nervous system.

"I heard aunt tell the servant—"

Her aunt interrupted her.

"I thought you seemed so this morning when I came in."

Mr. Cressham smiled.

"Well, my dear Agatha, we will say nothing more about it. You can leave Mabel with me for a short time; later on you shall have as much of her company as you wish for."

But that was just what Mrs. Raymond did not want to do, yet she had no alternative but to leave them together. When she had gone Mr. Cressham held Mabel at arm's length and examined her keenly.

"Well, little lady, what have you been doing to get so pale; have you not been well?"

"I have been very well, thank you, uncle."

"You do not look so."

"Perhaps it is because I have been a bit worried about papa."

"Why, what is the matter with him?"

"Oh, he is looking dreadful. I think his face gets whiter and thinner every day; that is why I have only come for a few hours instead of a few days."

"Now that I have got you here, Mabel, I mean to keep you, so make up your mind to stop, for I shall not part with you."

His words were half in earnest, half in jest.

"Ah! but you must, uncle, for I promised papa that I would return to-night. He is very lonely and low-spirited, for every one has been misjudging him. He told me so this morning, and said that he should not care how soon he died, if it was not that he had me to love and care for him."

"He should not talk nonsense." Mr. Cressham did not say these words aloud, but they rose to his lips. It was the grieved look in Mabel's beautiful eyes that checked them. He did not speak for some seconds, then he asked, in an apparently careless tone, "Did your papa send any message to me, Mabel?"

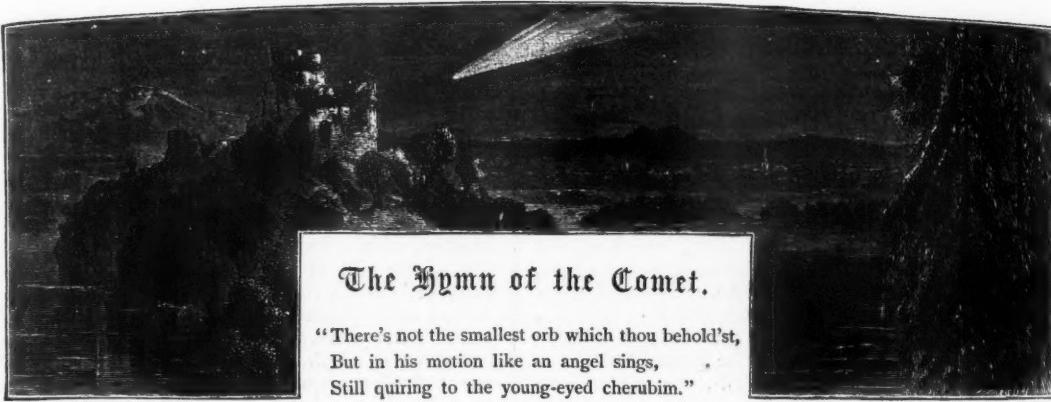
"No, uncle, but, now I think of it, he said if you asked me whether he had found the missing paper I was to tell you that he had not."

"I am sorry to hear it."

Mabel noticed the change in the old man's voice, how cold and stern it had become.

It was at this moment that a servant announced the arrival of Mr. Martin Fletcher.

"I will see him presently," was the answer.



The Hymn of the Comet.

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim."

MERCHANT OF VENICE, Act iii.

I COME to revisit this earth remote,
A guest for a time in its skies to bide;
Where my light will be hailed by many a note
Of the peasant's awe, and the sage's pride,
When he boasts he can trace my times and my
way,
Though in pathless error I seem to stray.

Some say that I bring with me woe and death,
That sickness and sorrow are in my train,
That pestilence wakes with his poisoned breath,
And war shakes his blood-stained lance again,
When my beams, like a meteor-flag unfurled,
Shed their dire influence over the world.

Meet thought in the sinful breast to spring !
Meet woe for the guilty heart to fear !
But whence these dreaded ills could I bring ?
For where, in Creation's widest sphere—
Where else, but on earth's polluted ground,
Is sin, is sorrow, is death to be found ?

When first they came from their Maker's hand,
All His works were in perfect beauty made,
And the spirits that peopled each starry land
In wisdom and virtue alike were arrayed :
Earth alone of its pristine splendour is shorn—
Man alone has a glory departed to mourn.

The glory of God is best sounded on earth,
Of His mightiest works 'tis the favoured field :
By man are God's praises best shown forth,
For to him is the Deity fullest revealed ;
His wisdom, His justice, all Nature has known,
But His mercy has gladdened this planet alone.

Yet I love to revisit this fated earth,
Though a curse on its soil and its people may rest :
For much of the beauty that beamed o'er its birth
Still is left to adorn its verdant breast :
And to fallen man many blessings flow
That unchanging spirits can never know.

Though labour oppress with its galling power,
All the sweeter is rest when the toil is gone by :
And the sorrow that lasts for a passing hour
Gives the fuller bliss to succeeding joy :
Death itself, while it bears from the scenes men love,
Gives an entrance to happier mansions above.

Oft, as I pass by some planet fair,
A heavenly melody floats around,
Full well would I love to linger there,
So soft is the ravishment breathed in the sound :
But sweeter far than these sweetest strains,
Are the songs that ascend from earth's lowly
plains.

Could a spirit from earth, 'midst some seraph choir,
Appear with his lofty Christian lays,
Mute then would remain each golden lyre,
And each voice be hushed in deepest amaze :
Creation has many a glorious theme,
But the songs of Redemption far nobler would seem.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.A.

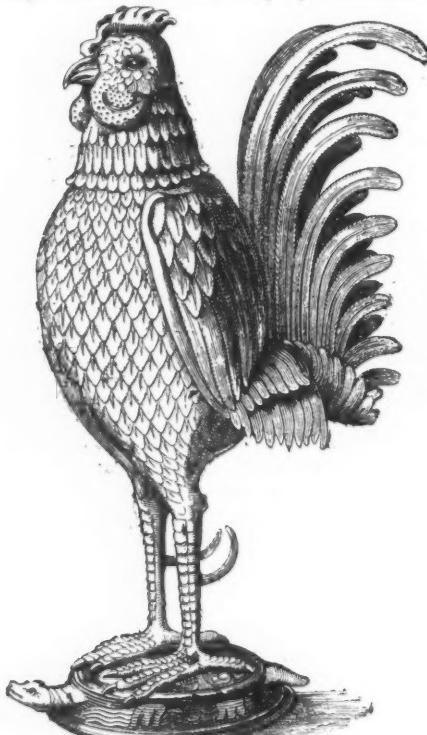
DECORATIVE PLATE OF LONDON LIVERY COMPANIES.

BY JOSEPH GREGO.

III.

THE Skinners' Company are fortunate in possessing several cups fabricated in the early part of the seventeenth century, a few being fashioned after the form of birds, which quaint shapes, with animals and windmills, seem to have engaged the taste of the time. The collection formed by the late Lord Londesborough contains numerous examples of these grotesque designs.

Foremost in interest may be placed five Cockayne loving-cups, of silver-gilt, the gift of one benefactor. These eccentric drinking-vessels are contrived in the form of cocks, placed on the backs of turtles, as a punning allusion to the name of Cockayne, the donor, in accordance with the spirit of the epoch in which they were presented. The heads are moveable for the purpose of drinking; each cup is sixteen and a half inches high, and weighs seventy-two ounces. Mr. William Cockayne bequeathed these birds to his Livery by will, dated 24th October, 41 Elizabeth (1598). On receipt of the cocks the Company covenanted with



COCKAYNE CUP, SKINNERS' COMPANY.

the executor of the worthy testator, that "they and their successors would thereafter use the said five guilt cups, to be borne upon their election day of Master and Wardens, according to the true meaning of the will of the said Wm. Cockayne, deceased;" which custom has been invariably observed ever since. The date-letter appears to indicate the year 1605, although Mr. French, who has given an admirable representation of this cup in the work already quoted, takes the hall-mark to be that of 1565.



PEAHEN CUP, SKINNERS' COMPANY.

Similar in taste to the foregoing is the Peahen Cup, also contrived as a punning allusion to the name of the donor; it is about the same height as the Cockayne Cups, and weighs sixty-two ounces ten pennyweights. This loving-cup is fashioned as a silver peahen, with two peachicks—it is assumed that a third chick is lost. The ground-work of the base is embossed with figures of reptiles, snails, and tree-roots; it further bears a coat-of-arms in a lozenge, a chevron ermine, be-

tween three esquires' helmets. Round the foot is the inscription, "The gift of Mary ye daughter of Richard Robinson and wife to Thomas Smith and James Peacock, Skinners, 1642." There is apparently no hall or maker's mark upon this piece.

Another curious memorial in the keeping of the Skinners' Guild is the silver leopard, collared, which is representative of the Company's crest, and further forms a commodious receptacle for snuff; the body is contrived for one description of snuff, and the head forms a box for another. Around the collar is inscribed, "The Gift of Roger Kemp, Master, 1680;" weight thirty-four ounces.

A rosewater dish, in the same corporation, is also of interest; this piece is silver-gilt, diameter nineteen and a half inches, weight seventy-six ounces. In the raised centre is the coat-of-arms of the Company, with their supporters, crest, and motto, surrounded by an inscription, which is repeated on the rim, "The gift of Mr. Francis Couell (Covell), Skinner, deceased, the 7th of Sept., 1625." Some doubt arises as to the hallmark, the black letter i, which Mr. French identifies as that for 1566; while in the catalogue of the Loan Collection, as displayed at the Mansion House Conversazione, 1880, it is deciphered as 1626, the year following the demise of the donor.

The Skinners' Livery is well provided with silver-gilt loving-cups characteristic of the latter portion of the seventeenth century, left as memorials by deceased worthies, members of the fraternity. A pair of the most ornamental of these, all of which are of an average height of about twelve inches, were presented by Edward Bolle; each weighs thirty-seven ounces, and is ornamented with *repoussé* work, on baluster stems, having on a shield-of-arms, in punning heraldry, "Three bowls, issuant from each a boar's head erect." On the rim is inscribed, "The gift of Edward Bolle, Esq., one of the Company of Skinners, 1684;" the date-letter gives the year 1680.

The ancient family of Bolle, which became extinct in 1714, were baronets, and their seat was at Swineshead, county Lincoln; it appears that an ancestor of the house was Alan de Swineshead, lord of the manor of Bolle Hall; "hence," says our authority, "the canting nature of the arms." The other loving-cups follow the order so frequently encountered amongst corporate plate—plain silver-gilt goblets on baluster stems, engraved with dedications recording the circumstances of their gift, and with the arms and crests of both the Company and the respective donors. One, weighing twenty-seven ounces, is inscribed, "The gift of ye wrpl. Robert Bateman, Brother of this Company, and late Chamberlain of ye Honble. City of London, who deceased ye 11th Decem., 1644." The "Breton" (1650), "Powell" (1654), and "Bridges" Loving-cups, belonging to the same category, were the gifts of the several worthies whose names they commemorate. Next in order of interest come certain tall flagons and tankards, likewise presented by liberally-disposed brethren of the association.

Of these we must notice a silver-gilt tankard, weighing thirty-one ounces ten pennyweights, elab-

orately ornamented in *repoussé* work, having the arms of the Company engraved in front, the supporter on the dexter side being a leopard, and on the sinister a loupcel, or wolf, collared. It is inscribed, "The gift of James Langton Reynolds, Citizen and Skinner, Corpus Christi, 1646."

The name of "Sir Richard Chiverton, Knt. and Alderman, a member of this Company, 1686," who was Lord Mayor in 1658, is commemorated upon his gifts, a silver tankard which weighs forty-nine ounces; and a silver bowl, or Monteith, diameter thirteen inches, depth six and a quarter inches, weight seventy-two ounces six pennyweights.

Two tall tankards, or flagons, and covers, twelve and a half inches high, are associated with the name of William Russell, "free of the worshipful Company of Skinners, 1679." The "purchase" of the cover has a winged demi-female, terminating in foliage. The same worthy presented to his Livery a silver snuffer stand, with snuffers, which



SNUFFERS AND STAND, SKINNERS' COMPANY.

are curiosities in their way. The snuffers are fitted into the stand somewhat in the manner of a candle; they bear the arms of the Company, while on the box is inscribed, "The Gift of Sr. Will. Russell, Kt., deceased." The hallmark indicates the year 1705. A silver salver, fourteen and a half inches in diameter, weighing forty-five ounces, and standing on a foot three and a half inches high, is ornamented with the arms, supporters, and motto of the Company, and inscribed, "The gift of Mr. Lewis Newberry, Skinner, Ano. Dom. 1684;" hall-marked 1684.

In the way of "Salers," the Company is provided with an octagonal silver salt, nine inches high, ten and a quarter inches wide at the base, and weighing sixty-six ounces ten pennyweights. On the foot are the arms of the Livery, and those of the donor. The top is inscribed, "The Gifte of Ben Albin, Esq., late Citizen and Skinner of

London, decd., Anno dom. 1676." On the upper rim are four projections, or horns, which seem to have been for the purpose of supporting a covering, usually a napkin, as it was held necessary to keep the cover clear of the salt itself,—“Loke that your salte seller lydde touch not the salte,” saith “the Boke of Kerving.”

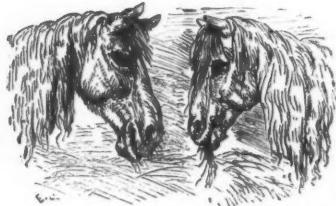
Besides a silver candlestick in the form of an Italian Doric column, with extended base, mounted

with scroll branches to form a candelabrum, and four baluster candlesticks, “Ex dono Societatis Angl. ad Indos Orientalis Negotiant,” presented about 1690, the Skinners possess the silver head of a beadle’s staff, weighing seventy-four ounces; the stem and bowl are richly embossed, and surmounted with the arms (ermine on a chief gules, three crowns or, with caps thereunto of the first), supporters, and crest of the Company.

ORIGINAL FABLES.

BY MRS. FROSSE.

“PULL TOGETHER.”



“I HATE that mare,” said the brown horse to the cob, as they were grazing together in the meadow.

“Do you? What’s the matter with her?” asked the cob.

“Oh, she is the most obstinate, perverse, ill-conditioned creature,” cried the brown horse. “I am always put to pull with her (more’s the pity!), and she makes the work just double. If I want to go fast, she falls back and goes slow; and if I want to take it easy, she’s all on the move; then, if I want to get more to one side of the road, she tugs and tugs to get to the other—she fairly tires me out. I do hate her!”

“Ay,” said the cob, “it’s a curious thing, but she not long ago told me she ‘hated’ you, and made the very same complaint of you that you do of her.”

“Like her impudence!” said the horse, “when she knows that she is the plague of my life. Pray what did you say to her?”

“Just what I was going to say to you,” answered the cob. “‘Friend,’ I said, ‘you are both very foolish, and make your own troubles. If, instead of being at cross purposes, you would consult each other’s comfort and pull together, there would be an end of all disagreeables, and things would be as easy and pleasant to both of you as they are now contrary and comfortless.’”

LISTEN TO BOTH SIDES BEFORE YOU JUDGE.

“DID you ever?” cried Fleet, the greyhound.

“Never!” said Floss, the lap-dog. And all the dogs that were crowding round Crib, the fox-terrier, who was telling his story, echoed “Never!” and stood with eyes very wide open, wagging their tails vehemently.

A hound that was chained in his kennel on one side of the yard came forward as far as he could to hear what was going on.

“Strange that Tinker should have behaved so,” remarked Fleet; “Crib says he knows it to be true. I always looked on Tinker as an awkward brute, of course, but had no suspicion that he was so mean. No dog of any proper spirit would have done what he did. Cato gave him no provocation, and even if he had done it, to go and steal his bone and run off with it while he was handling Bruin and too busy to notice him was very disgraceful; don’t you think so, sir?” and he appealed to the hound in much excitement.

“Well,” replied the hound, calmly, “according to Crib’s

account it was unhandsome, to say the least of it; but did you see the transaction, or have you it by report only?”

Fleet confessed that Crib was his authority and that he had no knowledge of the fact beyond his story.

“Ah, then,” replied the hound, “let us wait to hear what Tinker has to say about it; you know there are two sides to every story, and until we have heard both we ought not to give an opinion.”

THE MISTAKES SELF-LOVE FALLS INTO.

“WHAT a miserable thing is jealousy!” cried an angry robin, who sat sulking on a twig that trembled with his agitation.

“Very shocking!” said the wren; “at least, I should think so; but I am so poor and small, I never supposed any one could be jealous of me, and I’m so well off, wanting so little to keep me, that I never felt cause to be jealous of anybody.”

Robin gave her such a contemptuous evil glance that she would have flown away if the thrush had not joined them.

“What’s the matter?” cried the thrush.

“Robin is jealous of somebody,” twittered the wren, aside, “and it makes him very unhappy, and so cross!”

“What does she say?” cried Robin, sharply.

“She says somebody is jealous,” warbled the thrush, good-humouredly.

“It’s quite true,” answered Robin, puffing himself out, and looking very angry. “Those nightingales that sing in the wood yonder, they are as jealous of me as possible.”

The thrush fairly hopped with astonishment.

“It is so,” cried robin; “they saw the people out to hear me sing last night, and because one or two said that I beat them out and out, they declared that I was an intruder, and interfered with them and put them out.”

“No! did they?” asked the thrush. “Who told you so?”

“Oh, several—the sparrows and the crows that could hear them from their nests,” said the robin.

“Gossip, my good friend, nothing but gossip, depend on it,” said the thrush. “The sparrows and the crows thought to please you, and having no taste for music, they were indifferent to the slander they invented, not valuing those they slandered. Be sure the nightingales (if they knew you were there) would have no notion that you thought you could sing beyond a twitter, nor suspect for a moment that the people were out to listen to you, but to them.”

KNOW YOUR PROPER LEVEL.

“WHERE are you going?” cried an old kittywake to a young one on the move.

“Higher up,” was the answer. “I am tired of this dull low place, where you see no one and no one sees you.”

“Low, do you call it? Why, look at the sea; what a dis-

tance it lies before you, grand and fine. If this ledge were higher I should not be able to see the fish, so I should lose my food ; more than that, the storms would frighten me out of my life ; I should expect every one that rose to sweep me into the waters, after having broken my bones and whirled away my feathers."

The young bird cried contemptuously, "How do the eagles manage?" and flew off to settle his dwelling on the dizzy height of the rock.

He had no small trouble in doing it, having but little foot room, and being continually interrupted by the gusts that blew ; but he got through his work with satisfaction, and was repaid for his labour by the pleasure he felt in his new position. "One is somebody here!" he cried ; "down in that dull place one was nobody and nothing."

While he was enjoying the thought of watching the eagles, and possibly of joining in their flight, a terrific gale arose from the sea, and swept bare every portion of the rock that was exposed to its fury.

Away went the poor kittywake, with all his little arrangements, the wild wind dashing him from point to point till he was cast into the sea a mass of broken bones and feathers.

The old kittywake, who had seen the storm coming and crept under the shelter that her humble dwelling afforded, saw his fall. "Poor fellow!" she cried ; "what a pity he was not satisfied with his proper place. Heights are grand things, and do very well for eagles and such like, but not for kittywakes—no, not for kittywakes."

STAND ON YOUR MERITS !

"HERE's a fine state of things," cried the old post-pillar to the telegraph wires. "I thought the world was gone mad

when you were first set up to intrude on my occupation and authority by whistling messages over my head. I have never yet really forgiven that innovation. That was considered—justly—to be the sinew of England's commerce, thought, intercourse—everything—the pivot on which all her interests turned—disgraceful!"

"But," said the wires, "you know you said you forgave us, so why are you angry now?"

"Haven't you heard? don't you know?" demanded the post-pillar.

"Heard what?" cried the wires.

"What?—why—this—Telephone!" growled the post-pillar, with great disgust.

"Oh!" said the wires, "don't let that trouble you, venerable sir ; it's a mere thing of the day, and won't touch you. Even we have not lessened your importance nor your usefulness one iota, though business men and others have found us very convenient ; as to the telephone, we don't fear that. It will be the fashion, no doubt, till a new discovery comes, by means of which people at great distances apart may not only hear each other talk, but, by means of reflections arranged and multiplied, will be able to see each other—that's on the road, depend on it ; what more lies behind it, who knows? But be sure, sir, nothing that comes will supersede or throw you into the shade while you continue to be so valuable to the country."

The post-pillar listened quietly, thought there might be truth in what was said, and, after a pause, resigned himself to whatever might be in store for him and for "a world going mad," comforting himself with the suggestion, that while he was of so much consequence by reason of his merits, he was not likely to be thrown into the shade by any novelty, however imposing.

Varieties.

The Red Lions.

Towards the close of the British Association a notice is posted in the Reception-Room that "The Lions will dine," at such and such a place, the notice being signed by "John Doe" and "Richard Roe," Jackals. Old members know what this means, but an explanation may be useful to younger members and to Associates of the year.

At the early meetings of the Association, the dinners, whether by invitation or at the *table d'hôte*, were rather of a stiff and formal character. The speeches of presidents and secretaries and other officials, the "toasts and sentiments," backed by rhetorical compliments and mutual flattery, became an intolerable bore, and freer spirits longed for a fitter relaxation after the toil of the sections. Chance favoured the design to desert the formal dinner. A few members on a stroll from Birmingham, in 1839, saw a clean, comfortable-looking hostelry, flourishing under the sign of the "Red Lion." Here they pitched their tent and enjoyed a pleasant evening, far from the conventional after-dinner speeches of the Association. The treat was so appreciated that a group of members agreed to dine together at each meeting, the genial Edward Forbes being elected, by acclamation, President of the Red Lion Club.

For many years the dinners were well kept up, Forbes usually producing a new song containing allusions to the special incidents or locality of the meeting. At Cork, for instance, the vicinity of the Blarney Stone was a tempting opportunity to refer to the old failing of the learned Dons, and the improvement that had been effected through playful satire. Many, even of Section C (Geology), spurned the invitation to kiss the renowned stone :

Once flattery seemed to counsel men

The object of their journey ;
But now they're growing wise again,
And leaving off their blarney.

For a time the club chiefly included younger members of the Association, with a few seniors of the sort who are always juvenile in spirit. But before long, many of the great Dons, yielding to the infection, became hearty subjects of the *imperium in imperio*. The club became notable, and men, the most illustrious in science and distinguished in position, enjoyed the Red Lion dinners. Nor were the meetings confined to the Association. The club had for a time its headquarters in an old tavern in a court in Fleet Street, and the first meetings were worthy of Johnsonian days. Owen, Goodis, Falconer, Forbes, Ramsay, Playfair, Busk, Waterhouse, and other well-known names in science and literature, appear on the list of members present at one of these London meetings. Among the occasional guests were famous wits, like William Jerdan and Douglas Jerrold. But after a time these London meetings degenerated into ordinary convivial evenings, without special relation to science, and were wisely abandoned.

The Association dinner long continued to flourish, and to see "philosophers at play" was a sight for distinguished foreigners and other special guests, most of whom, entering into the humour of the hour, wagged their (coat) tails, and roared their applause after the usage of the regular British lions.

In recent years the Red Lion dinner or supper has been a waning institution, as the old members gradually fell away.

The Club was but the continuation of an older student club at Edinburgh, of which an account is given, in the "Life of Edward Forbes," by George Wilson. The present writer was one of the original members, few of whom can now remain. There were several of them present at the Red Lion dinner at Dundee in 1867, where the chair was admirably filled by the present President of the British Association, and it was an evening that will be remembered by all who were there. Among the guests, nearly a hundred, were A. Newton, Stainton, Busk, Tristram, Balfour, Fengelly, Gunther, Bates, Wallace, Cobbold, Playfair, Gwyn Jeffreys, Cyril Graham, Woodward, Ansted, Carruthers, Archer, Peach, Richardson, Hirst, Thomson, and many more whose names are familiar in the sections. The brief speeches of Sir John Lubbock as chairman were capital. Among the amusements of the evening Lord Neaves, one of the Scottish judges, recited a clever satirical poem on the Descent of Man, Darwinism then beginning to be developed. Professor Macquorne Rankine, the eminent mathematician and engineer, sang with great animation his own song of "The Engine-Driver." The evening was altogether enjoyable, and the writer has pleasant recollections of it as the last Red Lion dinner which he attended. It is time to retire from such scenes when the memories of the past are stronger than the pleasures of the present, and when few remain to have sympathy with the feelings and traditions of earlier days of the Association.

J. M.

South Sea Island Riddles.

The propounding and solving of riddles is a pleasant pastime for young people at home on long winter evenings. In the South Pacific it has been from time immemorial the serious employment of bearded and even grey-headed men. In the following brief collection many are obviously modern, but others are undoubtedly ancient.

1. Who is so strong as to be in the habit of carrying about with him a stone house ?
The hermit crab.
2. What is that which when deprived of its roots is covered with leaves, but when the roots are grown the roots die ?
A ship ; the sails being the leaves, the chain and anchor representing the roots.
3. What exceeds all other things in swiftness ?
Thought.
4. A band of warriors fighting unweariedly day and night ?
Billows dashing against the reef.
5. A child so full of love to its parents that it carries all sorts of things, even the largest and heaviest, as gifts on their day of meeting ?
The mountain torrent, after a heavy rain, meeting the ocean.
6. Who has a body through which you can see the contents of his stomach ?
A fish-trap.
7. Who is the strongest of servants ?
Fire.
8. Who in summer feeds with a grating noise and discharges his food through the mouth ?
The shell with which bread-fruit is scraped previous to baking ? The base being removed the shell cuts like a sharp knife. There is no bread-fruit in winter.
9. Who is always shutting the door of his house ?
The eye.
10. What food furnishes its own relish ?
Taro ; the tuber is a mainstay of human life, whilst the coated leaf, which tastes like spinach, is the relish.
11. What plant has only one root and one leaf ?
A kite ; often made out of a single gigantic chestnut leaf. The tail represents the root.
12. Who carries food inside a trough, but when it has abundance casts aside the trough ?
The banana ; the deep-red covering of the young fruit drops off when mature.
13. What food is abundant one moment, and scarce the next moment ?
The urchin-fish, which suddenly collapses.
14. Who with a black skin is ever clothed in purest white ?
A species of fern, common in the Pacific.
15. Who in childhood is content with green clothes, but in its old age gets proud and puts on yellow garments, and

finally goes to the length of wearing a red shirt (the acme of a native's pride) ?

The winter cherry ; the fruit of which is first green, then yellow, and eventually a bright red.

16. Who shows his joy behind ?

A dog wagging his tail.

17. What fire is the hardest to put out ?

Thought.

18. What has two tails, no head, but its stomach is ever gaping for more food ?

An oil sling. The oil is expressed by twisting the sling in opposite directions by means of two strong sticks.

19. What messenger is that which, when sent on a journey, never returns to its master unless fetched ?

A reed thrown in a reed-throwing match.

20. Who is first stripped of his white shirt, and then turned naked out of doors ?

Ginned cotton ; the seed being usually thrown in a heap outside.

21. Whose cap is stolen from him by mother earth ?

The aerial roots of the pandanus ; the cup-like *spongio-le* at the extremity of each drops off as soon as it touches the soil.

22. A warrior whose body bristles all over with spears ?

The urchin-fish.

23. Who shouts all day and night ?

The surf on the reef.

24. Who is sure to dance when the wind blows ?

Leaves.

25. What good thing has leaves above and below ?

A pineapple.

26. What country of right belonging to a black race is eventually conquered by the whites ?

The head, which is first black, but eventually becomes white. It should be borne in mind that these islanders have black hair, and a bald pate is the greatest rarity.

27. What grows head downwards, tail upwards ?

The plantain. In the native language what we term "the top" of the fruit is "the tail," the lower part growing out of the stalk being "the head."

28. What red mother gives birth to a black child ?

The "twina," a species of laurel. Each of its bare black seeds has a deep-red fleshy covering hanging over it like a bell.

29. What beats a drum at one end and dances at the other ?

A dog barking and wagging his tail for joy.

30. What fellow has eyes on his back and a mouth on one side ?

A sole.

31. Who is provided with a pair of eyes and legs, and yet has no body ?

A pair of spectacles.

32. Who wears a red shirt outside, a white shirt inside, and a black cap ?

A leguminous plant called Job's Tears. The seeds are of a bright red colour, with a spot of jet-black at the top.

33. Who vomits all he eats ?

An auger or gimlet.

34. A monster of many eyes which occasionally devours alive a whole village ?

A Rarotongan church with its numerous windows.

35. Who stands outside day and night, in the rain and wind, without lifting his head ? And well the head may hang down, for it is sure to be decapitated.

A banana-tree laden with fruit.

36. What natives of Rarotonga have most reason to be proud ?

The cock and the turtle ; the former because he rouses the queen from sleep every morning, the latter because royalty alone partakes of his flesh. The palm must be awarded to the turtle, because *now* cocks are owned by common people and awaken *them* too ; whereas to this day no ordinary native dares eat turtle. To be an eater of turtle is to be a big chief.

Rarotonga.

W. WYATT GILL.

British Association the Third Time at York.—The Meeting at York in 1881 is the third at that City, the previous Meetings having been in 1831 and 1844.

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At the following places the Association has held three Meetings:—Oxford in 1832, 1847, 1860; Cambridge, 1833, 1845, 1862; Edinburgh, 1834, 1850, 1871; Liverpool, 1837, 1854, 1870; Birmingham, 1839, 1849, 1865; Glasgow, 1840, 1855, 1876; Dublin, 1835, 1857, 1878.

At the following places the Meetings have been twice held:—Bristol, 1836, 1875; Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1838, 1863; Manchester, 1842, 1861; Belfast, 1852, 1874; Plymouth, 1841, 1877; and Swansea, 1848, 1880.

Meetings have been held once at Cork, 1843; Southampton, 1846; Ipswich, 1851; Hull, 1853; Cheltenham, 1856; Leeds, 1858; Aberdeen, 1859; Bath, 1864; Nottingham, 1866; Dundee, 1867; Norwich, 1868; Exeter, 1869; Brighton, 1872; Bradford, 1873; Sheffield, 1879.

A Grand Succession of Presidents.—The “Edinburgh Philosophical Institution” has acquired a national reputation, in addition to its local usefulness, by reason of the courses of lectures which every year are delivered by men of eminence in all departments of knowledge and from all parts of the empire. The last honorary President of the Institution was Mr. Carlyle, and Mr. Gladstone has been unanimously elected his successor. The previous occupants of this post of honour, held during life, have been John Wilson (Christopher North), Lord Brougham, and Lord Macaulay.

Sunstroke.—In a letter written on one of the tropical days of this July an old soldier said, “There are some mowers at work in a field near the house where I am staying. I wish that not only they, but all classes of our population during summer, had the nap of the neck thoroughly protected by a white quilted appendage, not lifted up by the gentlest zephyr, as is the case with those very pretty but very useless things worn on the hats of so many of our ladies and gentlemen.” The hint is worth preserving for use another season.

Where to go for Help.—This is the title of a very useful little manual which every London householder ought to possess. It contains the addresses of all the police-stations, fire-engine stations, poor-relief offices, workhouses, and many places which it is useful to know. The information, mostly official, is edited by William Lovely, Purser in the Royal Navy (Trübner and Co.)

“Dumb Dogs.”—In one of the southern cathedrals, one Sunday morning this summer, the officiating minister announced from his stall that, owing to some misunderstanding between himself and the canon in residence as to which was to preach, neither had “brought a sermon with them,” and he should therefore dismiss the congregation with the Benediction. The affair caused much comment in the cathedral city, the more so as there happened to be four clergymen present in the choir, and not one of them able to address a word of exhortation to the assembled congregation. Whatever we think of wholly extempore preaching, a mind full of a subject can usually say something about it, and the facility of doing so ought to form part of clerical training. “Preaching societies” are in Scotland as much as “debating societies” regular institutions in the Universities and Theological Halls. The incident in the cathedral may suggest some improvement in preparing candidates for the ministry.

Creation and the Creator.—All Nature looks upward and points upward to the throne of God. Creation is a vast storehouse of types of heavenly truth, and is full of secret prophecies of the good things to come. The heavens and earth can never be measured and weighed aright, without leading to the knowledge of Him who “telleteth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names;” who metes the ocean as in the palm of His hand, and weighs the mountains in scales, and the hills in balance. Life can never be studied aright, or its true nature and laws discerned, apart from Him who is the Lord and the Giver of life, who breathed it into man’s nostrils in the hour of his birth, and whom truly to know is life eternal. As a general rule, the chief discoverers in Natural Science have been Christians of a modest, reverent, and religious tone of mind. Copernicus, Kepler, Bacon, Boyle, Pascal, Newton; and in the past and

present century, Euler, Cavendish, Cuvier, Brewster, Sedgwick, Whewell, Faraday, have all combined ardour in physical research with a spirit of reverence for Christian truth. They have entered into Bacon’s prayer, that no unlocking of the secrets of nature may cause blindness to the higher mysteries and messages of the Word of God; and the axiom of Newton, that the object of physics is to trace phenomena up to their causes, climbing to those more and more simple and general, “till we come to the First Cause, which is certainly not mechanical.”—*Canon Birks.*

The Medical Profession.—The doctor, as things now are, lives by the existence of disease. If we were all, and always, in good health, his occupation would be gone. But every good doctor—*i.e.*, every doctor, except, possibly, a few unspeakable wretches—fights disease to the very utmost of his power. He gives it no quarter wherever he sees it. His one work in life is to destroy that by which, under our arrangements, he gets his bread. He has no faith in disease. He believes in health, and in that only; and if any physician were known to sow disease broadcast for the sake of gain, the rest, instead of thanking him for making them work, would kick him out of society—yea, out of the universe, if they could, and it were lawful. And when a time of especial social danger comes, when the great pestilence sweeps through the cities, the doctor’s ethics require that every physician shall take his life in his hand, and shall be at his post, waiting for every call of distress that may come to him. That is, as Ruskin says, “the point of honour” to the profession—the point at which the doctor must die rather than yield. And that is why the medical profession is a *liberal* profession, because it has a standard of duty and of honour which is not that of selfish gain and pecuniary advantage. When that great Scottish physician, Sir James Y. Simpson, was borne to his last resting-place, what constituted his crown of glory? Was it that men counted up the sovereigns and nobles who had called him to their bedside, and had poured wealth into his hands in payment for a skill that might give them back life and health? Or was it that Edinburgh emptied her wynds and alleys of her poor to weep over the bier of the man whose ear had been open to every cry of their misery?—*The Rev. Professor R. E. Thompson, of the University of Pennsylvania.*

The Military Knights of Windsor.—The title of “Military Knights” was given by William IV to the “Poor Knights,” instituted by Edward III in 1348: “Twenty-four poor knights, impotent of themselves, or inclining to poverty, to be perpetually maintained of the goods of the same Chapel” (St. George’s). The intention was to provide relief and comfortable sustenance to such valiant soldiers as happened to fall into poverty and decay. The number was afterwards increased to twenty-six, to correspond with the number of Knights Companions of the Garter. James I granted each knight a pension of £18 5s., paid quarterly out of the Exchequer, besides gown or coat of red cloth, and a blue or purple cloth mantle, with the badge of St. George embroidered on the left sleeve, and their houses free of rent and taxes. The number of knights has varied at different times. There were continual disputes between them and the deans and canons of St. George’s, which brought about a complete rupture in the time of Edward IV. “How they subsisted,” says Ashmole, “doth not fully appear.” In the time of Elizabeth thirteen poor knights were provided for—this is the Royal Foundation. Five more were added by Sir Peter La Maire and Sir Francis Crane—these are the Lower Foundation. William IV allowed naval officers to share the benefits of this brotherhood. The present meaning of the word “knight” makes their title almost absurd, as not one of the recipients for many a day has belonged to any order of knighthood.

The Duke of Wellington as a Speaker.—I went once to the House of Lords, expressly to hear the sound of his voice, and so complete my little private physiognomical portrait of him; a fine aquiline voice, I found it, quite like the face of him; and got a great instruction and lesson, which has stayed with me, out of his little speech itself (Lord Ellenborough’s “Gates of Somnouth” the subject, about which I cared nothing); speech of the most haggly, hawkly, pinched and meagre kind, so far as utterance and “eloquence” went; but

potent for conviction beyond any other ; nay, I may say, quite exclusively of all the others that night, which were mere "melodious wind" to me (Brougham's, Derby's, etc., etc.), while this hitching, stunted, haggling discourse of ten or thirteen minutes had made the Duke's opinion completely mine too. I thought of O. Cromwell withal, and have often since, oftener than ever before, said to myself, Is not this (to make your opinion mine) the aim of all "eloquence," rhetoric, and Demosthenic artillery practice? And what is it good for? Fools! get a true insight and belief of your own as to the matter; that is the way to get your belief into me, and it is the only way!—*Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle.*

The "Fire King" Mystery.—Professor John Percy had lately, in the "Times," an interesting letter about what is designated "Herr Windsperger's fire-extinguishing solution." This, he says, is an aqueous solution of silicate of soda, the substance commonly known under the name of "water-glass." But it should not be forgotten that Fuchs, a Bavarian, was the first to suggest the use of this solution for the prevention of fires in such buildings as theatres, which usually contain a large quantity of easily inflammable woodwork, and other material. He directed his attention to this subject in consequence of the destruction of the theatre at Munich by fire nearly sixty years ago, and communicated a paper upon it to the Royal Academy at Munich in 1824, for which he received from the King of Bavaria a gold medal and 100 ducats. His process consists in coating the articles to be protected with a solution of water-glass of the consistence of syrup, allowing it to dry, and repeating the application as often as may be necessary. The efficiency of the process appears to have been confirmed by experiments, of which may be mentioned those reported to have been made at Portsmouth by direction of the Admiralty.

Some years ago there was an interesting performance at Cremorne Gardens by a man called the "Fire King," of which I present you with the following account from personal observation. There was an arched structure of iron lattice-work, open at both ends, about, I think, twenty feet long or more, and high enough for a man to stand upright within. There were also two side openings, facing each other, in the centre. The whole was covered with easily inflammable twigs, wood-shavings, etc., which, on ignition, blazed up with great rapidity, and evolved such an amount of heat that it was not possible to approach nearer than about forty feet without suffering. The performer, nevertheless, walked to and fro within the structure while it was all ablaze. He had wide trousers, and a loose hood covering his head and descending to his hips, in the upper part of which were eye-holes, protected, if I mistake not, by plates of mica. Before the performance his dress appears to have been well wetted in every part, but afterwards was to be coated with a white, light, pumice-like substance. I succeeded in obtaining some of this substance, and found it to consist of silicate of soda. When the hood was taken off I remarked that the performer was perspiring copiously. There was sufficient air within the hood to support respiration during the performance. The dress had doubtless been well smeared over with a strong solution of water-glass, and steam being rapidly evolved from this, the silicate of soda was left in the state of a highly vesicular mass. Such a mass, it need hardly be stated, is a bad conductor of heat, and would, therefore, protect the performer from injury. In the extinction of fire, the action of a solution of water-glass is partly to be explained in this way, and partly by its keeping the object to which it is applied from contact with atmospheric air.

Early Christian Worship.—The Liturgy, properly speaking, was the celebration of the Holy Communion. The worship of the early Christians gathered round this as the nucleus. We must picture to ourselves the scene according to the arrangement which has been clearly described. The Bishop, or Presiding Minister, as he is called by Justin Martyr, is on his lofty seat behind the table overlooking it, facing the congregation, who stood on the other side of it in front of him. The other ministers, if there were any—probably deacons—sat or stood in a semicircle immediately beneath and around him. This position is now almost entirely lost. The Pope, to a certain degree, keeps it up, as he always, in

celebrating mass, stands behind the altar, facing the people. The arrangements of ancient churches like that of Torello, at Venice, though long disused, are proofs of the ancient custom. The nearest likeness is to be seen in the Scottish Presbyterian Church, where the minister from his lofty pulpit behind the table addresses the congregation, with his elders beneath him on the pulpit stairs, or round its base. The dress of the bishop and clergy who are to officiate, except by mere accident, in no way distinguishes them from the congregation in front of them. The prayers are uttered throughout standing, and with outstretched hands. The posture of devotion was standing, as is the universal practice in the East. Of this standing posture of the congregation, which still prevails throughout the East, all traces have disappeared in the Western Church, except in the attitude of the officiating minister at the Eucharist, and in the worship of the Presbyterian churches always. Its extinction is the more remarkable because it was enjoined by the only canon of the Council of Nicæa which related to public worship, and which ordered that on every Sunday (whatever licence might be permitted on other days) and on every day between Easter and Pentecost kneeling should be forbidden and standing enjoined. In the controversy between the Church and the Puritans in the seventeenth century there was a vehement contention whether kneeling at the Sacrament should be permitted. It was the point on which the Church most passionately insisted, and which the Puritans most passionately resisted. The Church party in this were resisting the usage of ancient Catholic Christendom, and disobeying the canon of the First Ecumenical Council, to which they professed the most complete adhesion. The Puritans, who rejected the authority of either, were in the most entire conformity with both.—*Dean Stanley on Christian Institutions.*

Flowers in American Churches.—Bishop Coxe says: "I have heard of churches decorated with cut flowers at Easter at an expense of nearly \$100; the offertory alms in the same church rarely reaching the sum of \$15, and less than \$50 being the sum total of its contributions to Missions."

Twin Duties.—Man has two hands. One of them he must lift up to heaven, that God's angels may strengthen him and lead him thitherward; with the other he must help onward his brother who is less favoured than himself. Unless he hold his hand to heaven, his brother will pull him back; unless he hold out his hand to his brother, God will not lead him on.—*Philip Pearsall Carpenter.*

The Darwins.—Erasmus Darwin, a most diverse kind of mortal, came to seek us out very soon ("had heard of Carlyle in Germany, etc.") and continues ever since to be a quiet house-friend, honestly attached; though his visits latterly have been rarer and rarer, health so poor, I so occupied, etc., etc. He had something of original and sarcastically ingenious in him, one of the sincerest, naturally truest, and most modest of men; elder brother of Charles Darwin (the famed Darwin on Species of these days), to whom I rather prefer him for intellect, had not his health quite doomed him to silence and patient idleness;—grandsons, both, of the first famed Erasmus ("Botanic Garden," etc.), who also seems to have gone upon "species" questions, "*omnia ex conchis*" (all from oysters) being dictum of his (even a stamp he sealed with still extant), as the present Erasmus once told me, many long years before this of Darwin on Species came up among us! Wonderful to me, as indicating the capricious stupidity of mankind; never could read a page of it, or waste the least thought upon it.—*Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle.*

Olympian Goddesses.—The young Hindoos who are taught to despise their native deities must be puzzled by much that they read in the Western classics. Religious teaching being as much as possible excluded in Government schools, those who do not come in contact with Christian teachers will suppose that great respect is paid to the ancient divinities of the Greeks, judging by the place they hold in classical education. The following *jeu d'esprit* appeared in the "Motussil Magazine" some years since, about the grand dames of Olympus. "If one may trust to the accounts given by their worshippers, and to the vestiges remaining of them, they were altogether a parcel of very plain ladies; it is only

by later poets and painters that they were idealised or beautified. Madame Juno, first and foremost, was particularly famous for her frowns, and was always looking sour at and scolding her lord and master. Besides, old Homer positively says she had eyes like a *bullock's*, which do not give me by any means an idea of extraordinary beauty. It is on record, too, that she was the inventress of curtain lectures, which is abominable. Next comes Minerva, and though I have followed Pope in terming her *blue-eyed*, yet I am not sure but the Greek term might be translated *sea-green*, and that, you must allow, would not be a vastly becoming colour. Moreover, to reason *analogically*, she must have been coarse, vulgar, and hard-featured, for she was a great pugilist, and sometimes used very violent language. As to Venus herself—though I dare say she was well enough for a *blacksmith's* wife—yet I suspect she was not so handsome as she would be thought. Would so gallant a young man as Diomed have wounded a handsome lady, do you think? It must have been that he took her either for a man or a witch! neither of which suppositions is very much in her favour; and though Paris did give her the golden apple as the prize of beauty, yet his reasons are very well known. It was no great compliment to *pay* her for promising that a handsomer woman than herself (namely, Helen) should fall in love with him; and this was the real state of the case. Besides, there is another little thing which ought not to be omitted: Virgil says that Æneas and Achates discovered her to be a goddess by her 'widely spreading ambrosial scents around.' Now, in my opinion, a lady must be very disagreeable who resembles a *musk-rat*. With regard to Thetis's feet, the poets all say she was *silver hoof'd*, and surely that must have been very ugly, except it refers to silver-heeled boots. As to Hebe's mouth, I will give her credit for a good one—*barmaids* are generally pretty, and such it seems was her office. I hope, however, she did not spoil it by *drinking* any of the spirituous liquors she carried. For Diana you owe me no thanks; her name, 'Hecate,' is quite enough to give an idea of her beauty. Shakespeare very properly terms her 'an old midnight hag.'"

Lord Shaftesbury on the Day of Rest.—At a recent meeting the Earl of Shaftesbury repeated his often expressed opinion that the observance of the Lord's Day, as a day of rest, should be guarded not only on religious grounds, but from social and patriotic feelings, by all who cared for the welfare of the English people and the true prosperity and greatness of the British empire. "No law was needed to sanction or proclaim that the Sabbath was of Divine origin. The profound wisdom inducing it, and the absolute necessity of such a day, must be apparent to all, while no human mind could have evolved such a scheme as Sunday observance. What he particularly desired to say was that its security as a sacred day by Parliament was in jeopardy. But its observance could be maintained if the working men of England would but band together, and with them alone did the day rest. If the people were of one mind and declared that it should be a day of rest it would be secured to them. He regretted to say that no reliance could be placed on any of our prominent men, or even second-rate men, in either of the Houses of Parliament. He regretted to say that, with very few exceptions, they would, if pressed on the point, give way and permit the opening of picture galleries, museums, and other places of public entertainment, unless they were kept in check by the irrepressible voices of the whole mass of the people. The day of rest was essential and necessary to all. This Sunday observance was the grand security the working man had against overtime and reduction of wages, and it would also promote domestic peace, which to his mind was the basis of all the virtues. Moreover, it was a great strength to the nation at large. Speaking directly to the young, he said he knew of no greater boon given them than this day of rest."

Punishment of Assassins and Murderers.—Referring to the tortures and painful deaths inflicted in past times on regicides and other notorious murderers, a writer in one of the newspapers recalls some historical cases. When, for instance, Damiens, who, like Roussakoff, the murderer of the Czar, was a mere boy, attempted in 1757 to stab Louis xv of France, M. Emile de Bonnechose tells us that "the Court

of Peers tried the criminal and condemned him to the frightful punishment reserved for regicides. He had his right hand burnt in a fire of sulphur, his flesh was torn with red-hot pincers, and molten lead was poured on his wounds. He was then, whilst still living, torn asunder by four horses, after which the fragments of his body were burnt to ashes and their cinders thrown to the winds." In the case of Damiens, the precedent set one hundred and forty-seven years earlier, as regards Francois Ravaillac, who had mortally stabbed Henry iv, was closely followed, but the torture of Ravaillac could not stop the wicked hand of Damiens any more than the cruelties practised on Damiens could turn a host of subsequent assassins and regicides from their execrable purpose. It is, indeed, too terribly obvious that any man who is resolved to sacrifice his own life in order to take that of another has his victim at his mercy if he can but find an opportunity to approach that victim closely. Where, as with Balthazar Gerard, a false religious passion comes in to harden the assassin's heart by promising him that heaven will be his reward if he can but remove a tyrant from the earth, it is idle to expect that torture, even of the most excruciating kind, will act as a deterrent. Heated imaginations, again, will see "a tyrant" in every ruler, however mild; and there was probably never a more humane Czar than the late Emperor, who, with all his faults, is not likely to be succeeded by better autocrats.

Medical Missions.—Twenty years ago, says a correspondent of "The Lancet," there were fewer than thirty qualified medical men agents of missionary societies; now there are 100. The most prominent of recent successes in every field, whether China, India, Africa, Central Asia, or the Isles of the Pacific, have been achieved by this agency. While Christian missions have been furthered, science has profited by the dispersion of skilled observers to parts of the world hitherto almost or altogether unknown to Europeans. A new sphere is thus opened to medical men, one not devoid of difficulty or of danger, and one little remunerated, but one full of opportunities for doing good to suffering humanity, and full of scientific interest.

Moral of Mountaineering.—If there are any who suppose that Alpine climbing and other mountain adventure denote nothing beyond muscular exertion and vain ambition, let them consider the excellent moral with which Edward Whymper concludes his fascinating volume, "The Ascent of the Matterhorn." "With the ascent of the Matterhorn, my mountaineering in the Alps came to a close. The disastrous termination, though casting a permanent cloud over otherwise happy memories, and leaving a train of life-long regrets, has not altered my regard for the purest, healthiest, and most manly of sports; and, often in grappling with everyday difficulties, sometimes in apparently hopeless tasks, encouragement has been found in the remembrance of hard-won victories over stubborn Alps. We who go mountain-climbing have constantly set before us the superiority of fixed purpose or perseverance to brute force. We know that each height, each step, must be gained by patient, laborious toil, and that wishing cannot take the place of working; we know the benefits of mutual aid; that many a difficulty must be encountered, and many an obstacle must be grappled with or turned; but we know that where there's a will there's a way; and we come back to our daily occupations better fitted to fight the battle of life, and to overcome the impediments which obstruct our paths, strengthened and cheered by the recollection of past labours, and by the memories of victories gained in other fields." Since writing these words Mr. Whymper has gained new fame and deserved honour by his adventurous exploits among the Andes, where he turned his Alpine training to good account.

Natural Enemies of the Telegraph.—There is apparently no apparatus so liable to be interfered with by what we may call natural causes as the electric telegraph. Fish gaw and molluscs overweight the submarine conductors of the subterranean wires; while there is at least one instance of a frolicsome whale entangling himself in a deep-sea cable, to its utter disorganisation. It is stated that within the three years ending 1878 there have been sixty serious interruptions to

telegraphic communications in Sumatra by elephants. In one instance these sagacious animals, most likely fearing snares, destroyed a considerable portion of the line, hiding away the wires and insulators in a canebrake. Monkeys of all tribes and sizes, too, in that favoured island, used the poles and wires as gymnasias, occasionally breaking them and carrying off the insulators; while the numerous tigers, bears, and buffaloes on the track render the watching and repair of the line a duty of great danger. In Australia, where there are no wild animals to injure the wires, which are carried great distances overland, they are said to be frequently cut down by the scarcely less wild aborigines, who manufacture from them rings, armlets, and other varieties of barbaric ornament.

The King of Italy and Christian Sects.—During the recent visit of the King of Italy to Naples, the nine Protestant ministers of that city begged the favour of an interview. The young monarch granted their request, and received them with marked courtesy. Imagine his surprise, however, when one was presented to him as a Methodist, another as a Baptist, the third as a Presbyterian, and the fourth as a Waldense, etc. "I do not understand," said the king, "how you can all be ministers of the same Gospel and yet have so many distinctions. Perhaps one of you will be so good as to explain this to me." The Waldensian minister promptly replied: "In your Majesty's army there are many regiments wearing different uniforms and called by different names; nevertheless, they are all under one commander-in-chief and follow one flag. In like manner we Protestants are divided into various denominations, but we know only one chief—Jesus Christ; and we follow but one banner, namely, that of the Gospel of our crucified and risen Lord." The king listened attentively, and then said: "I thank you for this clear explanation. You wish me to understand that while there are differences among you on minor matters, there is unity in all that is essential."

Census-taking of American Indians.—Many of the American Indians are now civilised citizens, well educated, and engaged in agricultural and industrial work. Some are, however, still in an uncivilised state, as we learn from a curious statement in the report of the recent American Census. Bundles of willow wands were forwarded to the United States Statistical Department by Numana, Chief of the Piute Indians. Numana had been entrusted by the local government of Nevada with the task of collecting the desired details throughout the districts inhabited by his people. He distributed to the sachems of all the villages acknowledging his authority large sheets of white paper, upon which each of these subordinates drew as many lines as corresponded to the number of Indians coming under his cognisance, distinguishing squaws from bucks by curves as contrasted with straight lines. The marks representing children varied in length, according to their respective ages. Numana having collected these primitive returns, proceeded to transfer them to willow wands by the rudimentary process of carving notches thereupon. Each wand represented a head of a family; the notches his wives or other females dependent upon him. Tiny twigs, neatly tied up in miniature faggots, stood for those members of the community legally described as "infants." By the employment of this simple mechanism an accurate census of the Nevada Piutes was obtained, and received official recognition at the hands of the United States authorities.

Married Women's Property.—A correspondent asks further explanation about the subject briefly referred to in our May Part. She says that her own mother withdraws money from the Savings' Bank, whereas we said this could not be done without the husband's signature. She also says that "by the Gurney Act a married woman can claim all property purchased with her own earnings, provided the receipt is in her own name." Our correspondent may be right, but our statement was also correct. In point of fact nothing can be more confusing than the law on the property of married women, for you cannot draw a safe inference from one case to another if it differs in the smallest particular. Our correspondent does not say from what source her mother's money came. If it was the produce of a legacy with the words "to her separate use,"

of course it is in her own power; so also if it came under an intestacy distribution, the death having taken place since 1st August, 1870,—and in one or two other cases already mentioned. It is also true that Mr. Gurney meant, and hoped, that his Act would have, in all cases, protected earnings and savings put into Savings' Banks. But as an actual matter of fact, various County Court Judges, etc., interpret this part of the Act according to their own personal bias; and in several instances have declined to allow married women to withdraw deposits made by their own earnings unless they got their husband's written consent.

The other clause of our correspondent's objection is an equally perplexing half-truth. For no sane person will sell any considerable amount of property to a married woman, and take her receipt for it, unless he has either got her husband's written consent, or has first satisfied himself that she possesses an income settled "to her separate use."

So no correction is needed, except to note how confusing the law is. It has been more fruitful of lawsuits than any similar statute of recent years.

Sunn Cuique.—A clerical correspondent of the "Times," Mr. Lawson, of Upton-on-Severn, points out that a famous saying attributed to Mr. Cobden or Mr. Bright was spoken by a greater man, viz., the King of Brobdingnag! Swift makes Mr. Lemuel Gulliver record in his voyage, that the king gave it for his opinion that, whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together.

Revised New Testament in Newspaper Columns.—So intense was the curiosity in America to see the new version that at Chicago two of the leading daily papers—the "Tribune" and the "Times"—published it entire, in regular newspaper form, each making some sixteen folio pages. This gave it a circulation in one day over the north-west of not less than a hundred thousand copies.

Palestine Exploration.—An address to the public has been issued concerning the proposed exploration of Palestine east of the Jordan. It is signed by Mr. James Glaisher, F.R.S., chairman of the executive committee: "The success with which our survey of Western Palestine has been completed, the general interest which has been aroused on the subject, the valuable results which have been obtained, the satisfaction with which our great map of Palestine has been received by all classes and in all countries, make us confident that we shall receive ample support in the extension of our work."

"The present condition of our knowledge as regards this great district (which includes Bashan, Golanitis, the Hauran, the Lejah, Batanea, Gilead, and Moab) resembles very much that of Western Palestine when the survey was first commenced. That is, reconnaissance sketch-maps had been made of parts of the country, but every successive traveller was able to point out the deficiencies, errors, and unexplored tracts on the maps."

"From a Biblical point of view the associations of the country are extremely interesting. Among these are the places connected with the stories of Balaam and Balak, Gideon, Jephthah, the wars of Moab, the siege of Rabbath Ammon, the fortress of Kerak—the refuge of the Early Christian Church, the events connected with Cesarea-Philippi, Ramoth Gilead, Bethsaida, Julius, Gadara, Heshbon, Macherus, Callirhoe, and many others. The country is covered with ruins, many of them in a wonderful state of preservation, and it differs from the West in this important respect, that whereas Christian, Jew, Saracen, Crusader, and Turk have, one after the other, contributed to the demolition of the monuments of Western Palestine, in the East there has been one period of destruction and one only, and since then the land has been left to the tribes, who wander over it with their cattle, but neither build nor destroy."

"As the survey of Western Palestine has been executed, so we promise, as far as a committee can promise, shall be executed that of the East, the same trained skill will be employed upon it, the same thoroughness and earnest conscientious work will be devoted to it."

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